# Wuthering Heights

Emily Brontë

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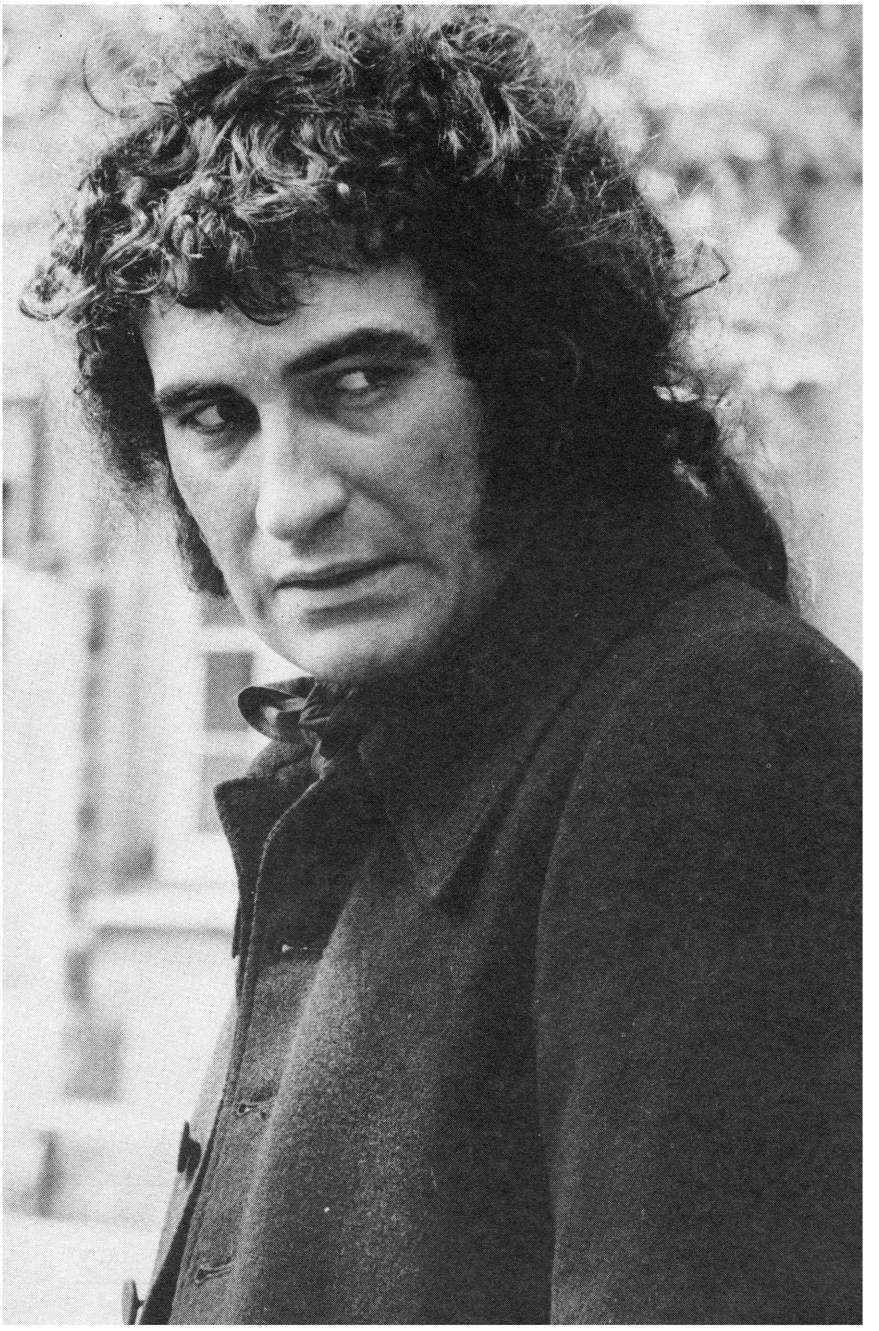
*Simplified by* Celia Turvey

Longman

1500 word
vocabulary



# *Chapter 1*

Wuthering Heights stands on high ground, looking over the wild moors around it. A fresh wind always blows round the house; indeed, here in the north of England, the word "wuthering" means "windy" or "stormy". You may guess the power of the north wind from the line of trees beside the house, which are all bent in one direction.

The house was built strong enough to stand up against the wind. It is square and solid, with narrow windows deeply set in the walls. It has stood there for more than three hundred years now: over the front door you may see the date cut in the stone, and the name "Hareton Earnshaw".

Earnshaws have lived in the house during all this time. Thirty years ago, when my story begins, Mr and Mrs Earnshaw lived there with their son Hindley and their daughter Catherine. Hindley was then fourteen, and Catherine was six.

I lived in the house too; my name is Ellen Dean. I was the same age as Hindley. My mother had been a servant with the family, and so I grew up with them, helping in the house and in the fields, and playing with the children.

But this is not *my* story. It is the story of the Earnshaws of Wuthering Heights and the Lintons of Thrushcross Grange. Most of all, it is the story of Heathcliff.

Heathcliff changed all our lives from the moment he came to Wuthering Heights. I shall never forget my first sight of him. Mr Earnshaw had gone to Liverpool on some business. It was sixty miles, and he walked there and back; he was away three days, and arrived home very tired, late in the evening of the

third day. He was carrying his coat rolled up in his arms.

"See here, wife!" he said, laughing, and opened the coat. There was a child inside it – a dirty, rough-looking, black-haired child. "You must take it as a gift from God," said Mr Earnshaw, "though it's almost as dark as if it came from the devil!"

We crowded round to look at the child. It seemed a little older than Catherine. It stared at us, and repeated some strange words that nobody could understand.

"Are you mad?" cried Mrs Earnshaw to her husband. "How can you bring this creature into the house, when we have our own children to feed?"

"But how could I leave it to die of hunger?" he answered. "I found it in the streets of Liverpool, alone and homeless. Nobody knew who it belonged to – and so I brought it home with me."

He told me to wash it, and give it clean clothes, and let it sleep with the children. But they entirely refused to have it in bed with them, or even in their room. I did not want it with me either, so I put it to sleep in the passage outside.

Mrs Earnshaw had to agree at last to let the child stay. They decided to call it Heathcliff, which was the name of another son who had died. Little Catherine soon became his friend, but Hindley hated him! He often beat the child as hard as he could. Young Heathcliff never complained; he was probably used to rough treatment. Old Mr Earnshaw was strangely fond of him, and treated him like his own son. When he saw Hindley hitting the "poor, fatherless child", as he called him, it made him very angry.

So, from the beginning, Heathcliff caused bad feeling in the house; and it got worse as time went on.

Two years passed, and Mrs Earnshaw died. By this time Hindley hated Heathcliff more than ever.

For some time I supported Hindley against Heathcliff. But when all three children fell ill, I changed my ideas. It was a serious illness, and I had to look after them, although I was only sixteen myself. Heathcliff was the worst of the three: for a few days his life was in danger. But while Hindley and Catherine gave me a great deal of trouble, Heathcliff was as quiet as a lamb. I remained all the time at his bedside. When he got better, the doctor said it was my care that had saved him. This pleased me, and my feelings towards Heathcliff softened. But I could not love him: he was too proud and hard. He never even seemed thankful to Mr Earnshaw for all his kindness.

Indeed, he did not show any feeling towards anyone, except Catherine. He bore Hindley's cruel treatment so calmly that I thought he had no idea of revenge. I was quite wrong, as you will see.

## *Chapter 2*

Time passed, and Mr Earnshaw's health began to fail. He had been active and healthy, yet his strength left him suddenly. He could not work on the farm now, but remained all day by the chimney corner in the sitting room. He was often in a bad temper. He could not bear to hear anyone say a word against his favourite, Heathcliff. When he heard Hindley speaking scornfully to him, he seized his stick to strike his son, and shook with anger that he could not do it. So Heathcliff's pride grew stronger, and his tempers blacker.

When Hindley was seventeen, our priest advised

that he should be sent away to study. (We had a priest in the village then, who gave lessons to the young Earnshaws, and the young Lintons of Thrushcross Grange.)

Hindley went away, and I hoped that now we should have some peace in the house. But the old servant Joseph liked to cause trouble. He was a bad-tempered old man, who hated to see people enjoying themselves. Because he was very religious, he believed that all pleasure was wicked. But he found pleasure himself in complaining about other people. He often brought complaints against Catherine and Heathcliff, specially Catherine.

Certainly she was the wildest child I ever saw. She was always full of life, her tongue always going – singing, laughing, talking. Fifty times a day she was in trouble: she seemed to enjoy making us angry with her bad behaviour. But she had the prettiest eyes, and the sweetest smile; and I don't believe she really meant to do any harm.

She was much too fond of Heathcliff. The greatest punishment that we could give her was to keep her away from him. She loved to play a game with him in which she was the mistress and he was the servant. She gave orders, pointing here and there, and he ran about to obey them.

Mr Earnshaw was a serious man, and he did not understand children's games. When he saw Catherine ordering Heathcliff about, he grew very angry.

Sometimes, after behaving as badly as possible all day, she came up to him in the evening, and threw her arms round his neck.

"No, Cathy," the old man said then, "I cannot love you. I am sorry to have such a daughter."

That made her cry, at first; but then his unkindness

hardened her, and she laughed instead of crying.

The hour came, at last, that ended Mr Earnshaw's troubles on earth. One October evening he was sitting in his chair by the fireside. A high wind blew around the house, and made a noise in the chimney. It sounded wild and stormy, yet it was not cold.

Catherine had been unwell, and that made her quiet; she was sitting at her father's feet, and Heathcliff was lying on the floor with his head on her knee.

Mr Earnshaw touched her pretty hair. "Why can't you always be a good girl, Cathy?" he said.

She turned her face up to his, and laughed. "Why can't you always be a good man, father?" she answered. But when she saw him angry again, she kissed his hand, and said she would sing him to sleep.

She began singing very softly, till his fingers dropped from hers, and his head fell on his breast. Then I told her to be quiet, so as not to wake him. We all kept as quiet as mice for half an hour, and then Joseph said it was time to go up for prayers and bed.

He called the master's name, and touched his shoulder. But he would not move, so Joseph took the candle and looked at him. I thought there was something wrong when he put the candle down and seized the children by an arm each. "Go up to bed by yourselves tonight," he whispered.

"I shall say goodnight to father first," said Catherine, putting her arms round his neck. And then she gave a loud cry. "Oh, he's dead, Heathcliff! He's dead!"

Both children began to cry in wild grief, and I started crying too. But Joseph told me to run to Gimmerton village for the doctor and the priest. I could not guess what use either of them would be, then. But, I went, through wind and rain, and

brought one, the doctor, back with me; the other said he would come in the morning.

Leaving the doctor with Joseph, I ran to the children's room. Their door was open, and I saw that they had not yet lain down, though it was past midnight. But they were calmer, and did not need me to comfort them: they were comforting each other, by talking of heaven.

Mr Earnshaw was buried three days later. Hindley came home for the burial – and surprised us very much by bringing a wife with him.

She seemed a pleasant enough young woman, but also rather silly. The preparations for the burial troubled her very much. She began weeping, and I asked her what the matter was.

"Oh, I don't know!" she said. "But I feel so afraid of dying!" She was a thin girl, with very bright eyes; climbing the stairs made her breathless, and she often coughed. But I did not realise then that these were signs of a terrible illness, and I thought her as unlikely to die as I was myself.

Mr Hindley had changed a lot in three years. He spoke and dressed quite differently, and considered himself a real gentleman. He was the master of the house now, and could treat Heathcliff just as he liked. He made the boy sit with the servants instead of with the family; he stopped his lessons with the priest, and set him to work on the farm instead.

Heathcliff did not mind the change at first, because Catherine taught him what she learnt, and worked or played with him in the fields. They were both wild, rough-mannered children at this time. The young master did not care how badly they behaved. But when Joseph complained about them, he gladly ordered a punishment for them.

It was one of their chief amusements to run away to the moors in the morning and remain there all day; the punishment which followed was only something to laugh at. They forgot everything the moment they were together again.

## *Chapter 3*

One wet Sunday evening Catherine and Heathcliff were sent away from the sitting room into the cold kitchen, as a punishment for making a noise. When I went to call them for supper, they did not answer. We searched the house and the yard, and the farm buildings, without finding them. At last Hindley became so angry that he told us to lock all the doors, and keep them out.

The others went to bed, but I put my head out of the window to listen, though it was raining. After a time I heard footsteps, and ran out to stop the children from waking Hindley by knocking. There was Heathcliff alone.

"Where is Miss Catherine?" I cried.

"At Thrushcross Grange," he answered. "Let me take off my wet clothes, and I'll tell you all about it."

We went inside, and he began his story.

"Catherine and I escaped from the kitchen. It was raining, but we ran out onto the moors. We saw the lights of Thrushcross Grange, and decided to see how the Lintons spent their Sunday evenings. Do you think they are made to stand in cold corners while their parents eat and drink by the fire? And to learn pages of religious books by heart?"

"Probably not," I answered. "They are good children, no doubt, and don't deserve the treatment

you receive for your bad behaviour."

"And *we* don't deserve it! You know that, Ellen! We ran from Wuthering Heights to the park, without stopping. Catherine was completely beaten in the race, because she lost her shoes in the wet ground. We climbed over the wall and into the park, and made our way up to the house. We stood under the sitting room window. The light was coming from there, and the curtains were only half closed. We pulled ourselves up to look in. Oh, it was beautiful! A splendid room with a deep red carpet, and chairs and tables with deep red covers, and a pure white ceiling edged with gold. And a great big light hanging from the centre, with silver chains and drops of glass and a lot of little soft candles.

"Old Mr and Mrs Linton were not there; Edgar and his sister were alone in the big room. Don't you think they should have been happy? But guess what your good children were doing? Isabella was lying on the floor, crying loudly. (She is eleven, you know, only a year younger than Catherine.) Edgar was standing by the fire, weeping silently. And a little dog sat in the middle of the table, holding up its paw in pain. They had been fighting over who should hold the dog! We laughed aloud at the stupid things! *We* would never spend our time together crying and quarrelling: and I would never wish to have what Catherine wanted. I wouldn't change places with Edgar Linton for anything – not even for the chance of painting the house front with Hindley's blood!"

"Don't say such terrible things!" I told him. "You haven't told me yet why Catherine was left behind."

"I told you we laughed," he answered. "The Lintons heard us, and ran to the door. There was a cry: 'Oh, mother, mother, come here! Oh, papa, oh!'

We made terrible noises, to frighten them still more, and then we began to run away.

"The front door opened, and we heard an angry dog. Suddenly Catherine fell down. 'Run, Heathcliff, run!' she whispered. 'The dog has got me!' The fierce beast had seized her foot with its teeth. She was too brave to cry out; but I shouted and swore at him, and pushed a stone into his mouth.

"A servant came running out with a lamp. He called to the dog, and picked up Catherine; she had fainted from pain. He carried her inside and I followed, still cursing.

"Mr Linton stood in the doorway. 'The dog has caught a little girl, sir,' the servant told him. 'And there's a rough boy here, too. They're thieves, I'm sure.'

"They pulled me under the light to look at me. 'How dark and evil-looking he is!' said Mr Linton.

"Just then Catherine opened her eyes. Edgar stared at her. 'Mother, that's Miss Earnshaw!' he whispered. (They see us at church, you know.) 'And look how the dog has bitten her!'

" 'Miss Earnshaw!' cried his mother. 'Running across the country with no shoes! Impossible! And yet . . . I believe it is!'

" 'How can her brother allow such a thing!' cried Mr Linton. 'And who is this rough boy? Oh, he must be the strange child that old Earnshaw brought back from Liverpool.'

" 'A wicked boy, certainly,' said Mrs Linton. 'Did you hear his terrible language? He's not fit to be in a respectable house!'

"I began swearing again, and so the servant was ordered to take me away. I refused to go without Catherine, but he pushed me out of the house and

locked the door. The curtains were still pulled back at the sitting room window, so I went to look in again; I wanted to see what they were doing to Catherine.

"She was sitting on the sofa quietly, while Mrs Linton talked to her, shaking her head. Then the servant brought a bowl of warm water, and washed her feet. Mr Linton gave her something to drink, and Isabella emptied a plate of cakes into her hands, and Edgar stood staring at her. Then they dried and combed her beautiful hair. I could see that they liked her. She is worth a thousand times more than they are – than everybody on earth, isn't she, Ellen?"

"Trouble will come from this matter," I said, and I was right. Mr Hindley was very angry. And then the next day Mr Linton paid us a visit himself. He said that he blamed my younger master for the way he looked after his family. As a result of this, Hindley told Heathcliff that when Catherine came home, he must keep away from her completely.

## *Chapter 4*

Catherine stayed at Thrushcross Grange five weeks: till Christmas. By that time her foot was completely healed, and her manners had much improved. Young Mrs Earnshaw visited her often while she was there, and provided her with some fine new clothes. When she returned home she was no longer a wild little girl, but a young lady.

"Why, Cathy, you are quite a beauty!" cried Hindley in delight, as he lifted her from her horse.

The dogs came running up to greet her, but she was afraid to touch them: they might spoil her pretty

silk dress. She kissed me gently, and then looked round for Heathcliff.

At first he could not be seen. While Catherine was away he had grown dirtier and untidier than ever. Now, seeing this bright and graceful young lady, he was ashamed to show himself.

"Is Heathcliff not here?" she demanded.

"Heathcliff, you may come forward," cried Hindley. "You may greet Miss Catherine, like the other servants."

Now Catherine caught sight of him in his dark corner, and flew across to him. She threw her arms round him and gave him seven or eight rapid kisses. Then she stood back from him and laughed. "Why, how very black and angry you look! And how funny! But that's because I'm used to Edgar and Isabella Linton. Well, Heathcliff, have you forgotten me?"

He would not look at her; shame and pride kept him silent.

"Shake hands, Heathcliff," said Mr Hindley, enjoying his shame.

"I won't," replied the boy. "I won't stand here to be laughed at! I can't bear it!"

He turned away, but Catherine seized him again.

"I didn't mean to laugh at you," she said. "It's only that you look strange. If you wash your face and brush your hair, it will be all right: but you are so dirty!" She looked anxiously at his black fingers and at her dress, which had a dirty mark on it.

"You needn't have touched me!" he answered, pulling away his hand. "I shall be as dirty as I want. I like to be dirty, and I will be dirty!" And he rushed out of the room. Hindley and his wife laughed, but Catherine looked unhappy.

I helped Catherine to unpack, and then Mr and Mrs Earnshaw showed her the presents they had bought for her to give to the young Lintons. Edgar and Isabella had been asked to spend Christmas Day at Wuthering Heights. But their mother had begged that they should be kept away from "that nasty swearing boy".

I was alone in the kitchen, making Christmas cakes. I looked at the clean, bright room and the shining pans, and then I thought of old Mr Earnshaw, who loved to see it like that. That led me to sad thoughts of his favourite, Heathcliff. So I went to look for him.

I found him feeding the horses. He was patting the shining back of Catherine's new horse.

"Come, Heathcliff!" I said. "I will dress you nicely, and you can come into the kitchen to talk to Miss Catherine. There's a cake for each of you."

He would not answer me, but went up to his room. In the morning he got up early and went out onto the moors. The family had left for church when he returned. He came into the kitchen and said: "Ellen, make me respectable. I'm going to be good."

I helped him to clean himself up; then I combed his long, thick black hair.

"I wish I had light hair and blues eyes, like Edgar Linton!" he cried.

"Edgar Linton will look like a girl beside you!" I told him. "You are younger than him, but you're taller, and your shoulders are much broader."

We heard the sound of the family carriage outside, and I ran to the door. Catherine was leading in the Linton children, holding one by each hand.

"Go and greet them now!" I said to Heathcliff, and he moved forward. But just as he entered the sitting

room from the kitchen, Hindley came in from the other side.

"Keep out of here, you young devil!" he cried. "And don't steal any food! What! You're trying to look like a young gentleman now, are you? You've even combed your beautiful hair! Wait till I get hold of it – I'll pull it, and make it a bit longer!"

"It's quite long enough already," said Edgar Linton, looking through the doorway. "It's like a horse's hair over his eyes!"

Already Heathcliff seemed to hate Edgar as an enemy, and this remark was too much for him to bear. He seized a bowl of cream from the table, and threw it over Edgar's face and neck.

Edgar gave a loud howl. Hindley took hold of Heathcliff and pulled him outside, to punish him as well as he could. I got a dishcloth, and started rubbing Edgar's nose and mouth rather roughly. Isabella began to weep, and wanted to go home, while Catherine stood by, ashamed of everybody.

"You shouldn't have spoken to him!" she told Edgar. "He'll be beaten: I hate him to be beaten! Why did you speak to him?"

"I didn't," wept Edgar. "I promised mother I wouldn't say one word to him, and I didn't."

"Well, don't cry," said Catherine scornfully. "Be quiet, Isabella! No one has hurt *you*!"

"There, there, children – to your seats!" cried Hindley cheerfully, coming in red and breathless.

The little party looked happier at the sight of the Christmas feast. They sat down, and Hindley filled their plates. I was pained to see Catherine with dry eyes, cutting up the wing of a goose on her plate. "An unfeeling child!" I thought to myself. "She doesn't care about her old friend's troubles."

She lifted a mouthful to her lips, and then she put it down again. The tears poured over her face. She knocked her fork onto the floor and hastily dived under the tablecloth to hide her face.

I could see that she was unhappy for the rest of the day. Heathcliff had been locked up in his room, and she had no way of reaching him.

In the evening we had a dance. Catherine begged her brother to let Heathcliff out, as Isabella had no one to dance with. But Hindley refused, and said I must dance with her. Later the Gimmerton band arrived, and we listened to their playing and singing.

Catherine said the music sounded sweetest at the top of the stairs. She went up in the dark, and I followed; the room below was so full of people that they did not notice our disappearance. She made her way up to Heathcliff's little room under the roof, and called to him through a crack in the door. I left her there, and when the singing was going to finish I came back to warn her. The little devil was inside the room! She had climbed in through a small window. I made her come out, but she brought Heathcliff with her. I agreed to take him into the kitchen and give him some food.

I set him on a chair by the fire, and offered him some nice food, but he was sick, and could eat only a little. He sat with his face in his hands.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked him.

"I'm trying to decide how I shall take my revenge on Hindley. I don't care how long I wait, if I can only do it in the end. I hope he won't die before I do!"

"Oh, Heathcliff! You should let God punish wicked people!"

"No, God won't enjoy punishing him," he said. "But *I* shall!"

# *Chapter 5*

In the following June, Hindley's wife gave birth to a son – the last of the ancient Earnshaw family. They named him Hareton, which was an old family name. He was a fine child, but the doctor said that Mrs Earnshaw had not long to live. She was suffering from an illness that could not be treated; her cough, her thinness and the bright colour of her face were signs of her condition.

Hindley refused to believe the doctor. He had room in his heart for only two people: his wife and himself. I couldn't imagine how he would bear the loss of her.

Mrs Earnshaw remained bright and cheerful, and Hindley announced that her health was improving every day. But one evening she began coughing, and he took her in his arms. She put her two hands around his neck, her face changed, and she was dead.

Hindley's sorrow was of the kind that cannot be expressed. He neither wept nor prayed: he cursed. He took no interest in the child, who was left entirely to my care. His life was spent now in drinking and playing cards. The other servants on the farm could not bear his behaviour, and left. Only Joseph and I remained. I had the child to look after; besides, I had grown up with Hindley, and still had some feeling for him. Joseph remained because he liked to be in a place where he had plenty of wickedness to blame.

No respectable person would visit our house any more, except Edgar Linton, who came to see Catherine. At fifteen, she was the queen of the place; no other girl could equal her beauty. But she was proud, and often seemed to think only of herself and her own wishes.

She had kept up her friendship with the Lintons since her stay at Thrushcross Grange. She did not let them see her rough side. They all had a high opinion of her, but Edgar Linton loved her with all his heart.

He did not often have the courage to visit her at Wuthering Heights: he was afraid of Hindley and his evil ways. And Catherine did not want him there when he might meet Heathcliff.

Heathcliff was sixteen now, I think. Three years of hard work on the farm had roughened him still further. He had lost all interest in books and study. His mind seemed to have become dull; he spoke little, and hardly ever smiled. Catherine and he were still always together, when he was not working, but he no longer expressed his fondness for her.

One afternoon Hindley had arranged to go out, and Catherine sent a message to Edgar telling him that he could visit her. I was helping her to arrange her dress when Heathcliff came in.

"Catherine, why have you got that silk dress on?" he asked. "Are you going anywhere?"

"No, it's raining," she answered. "But Heathcliff, you should be in the fields now!"

"As Hindley is away I won't work any more today," he said. "I'll stay with you." He sat down by the fire. She looked at him in silence for a moment, uncertain what to do.

"Isabella and Edgar Linton promised to come this afternoon," she said at last. "As it's raining, I hardly expect them, but they may come . . ."

"Don't send me away because of those pitiful, silly friends of yours! I can't think why you want to spend so much time with them!"

"And why should I be always sitting with you?" she demanded. "You never say anything to amuse me."

"You never told me before that you disliked my company!" cried Heathcliff.

"It's no company at all, when people know nothing and say nothing," she said.

At that moment a horse was heard in the courtyard. Heathcliff got up to go, and Edgar Linton entered, his face bright with delight. No doubt Catherine noticed the difference between the looks of her two friends, as one came in and the other went out: one open, pleasant and cheerful, the other dark, secret and unsmiling.

"I haven't come too soon, have I?" said Edgar, looking at me. I was dusting the plates on a shelf.

"No," said Catherine. "What are you doing there, Ellen?"

"My work, miss," I replied. (Mr Hindley had told me not to leave Catherine alone with Edgar.)

She came up behind me and whispered, "Take yourself and your dusters away! I hate to see a servant in the room when I have company."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Miss Catherine," I said, and went on dusting carefully.

Making sure that Edgar could not see, she seized the duster, and dug her fingers sharply into my arm.

"Oh, miss, that's a nasty trick!" I cried. "You've no right to hurt my arm!"

"I didn't touch you – you're lying!" she shouted, her ears red with anger. She never had the power to hide her strong feelings: they always set her whole face on fire.

"What's that, then?" I answered, showing a red mark on my arm. She was shaking with anger. She could not stop herself: she struck me across the face.

"Catherine, love, Catherine!" cried Edgar. He laid a hand on her arm. Immediately she swung round,

and hit him hard on the ear.

Pale and angry, Edgar stared at her in silence. Then he went to pick up his hat. I went into the kitchen, leaving the door open to see what happened.

"Where are you going?" demanded Catherine, advancing to the door. "You must not go!"

"I must and shall!" he replied in a low voice.

"No," she said, "not yet, Edgar Linton! You must not leave me in that temper. I would be miserable all night."

"Can I stay here after you have struck me?" asked Edgar. "And you told a lie!"

Catherine was silent.

"You've made me afraid and ashamed of you," he continued, "and I won't come here again!"

Tears shone in her eyes. "Well, go if you like – get away! And now I'll cry – I'll cry till I'm sick!" She dropped to her knees, and began to cry loudly.

Edgar went out. He got as far as the courtyard, and then he stopped to look in through the window. He had not the power to leave her. Ah, I thought, he can't avoid his fate!

And I was right. He turned suddenly, entered the house again and shut the door behind him.

I went in later to tell them that Hindley had come home in a violent condition, and was ready to pull the house down. I saw then that their quarrel had merely brought them closer together: their friendship had turned into love.

## *Chapter 6*

Later that evening, Catherine came into the kitchen to find me. There was an anxious expression on her face.

"Are you alone, Ellen?" she whispered.

"Yes, miss," I replied. I did not know then that Heathcliff was sitting on the other side of the high-backed wooden seat, where I could not see him.

Catherine opened her lips to speak, but no words came. A few tears fell from her eyes to the stone floor. I waited in silence: I wasn't going to help her.

"Oh dear!" she cried at last. "I'm very unhappy!"

"You're difficult to please!" I said. "So many friends and so few cares, and yet you're not satisfied!"

She knelt down beside me, and lifted her beautiful eyes to my face. "Ellen, will you keep a secret?"

"Is it worth keeping?" I asked.

"Yes, and it troubles me, so I must let it out! I want to know what I should do. Today, Edgar Linton has asked me to marry him, and I've given him an answer. Now, before I tell you whether I said Yes or No, you tell me which I ought to have said."

"Really, Miss Catherine, how can I know?" I replied. "Indeed, considering the way you behaved this afternoon, I might say it would be wise to refuse him. Since he asked you to marry him after that, he must be a fool!"

"If you talk like that, I won't tell you any more!" she said angrily. "I agreed to marry him, Ellen. Be quick, and say whether I was wrong!"

"There are many things to be considered before that question can be answered properly. First of all, do you love Mr Edgar?"

"Who can help it? Of course I do."

"Why do you love him, Miss Catherine?"

"Well, I do. That's enough."

"No, you must tell me why."

"Well, because he is good looking, and pleasant to be with."

"Bad!" I remarked.

"And because he is young and cheerful."

"Bad, still."

"And because he loves me."

"A little better."

"And he will be rich, and I shall be the most important woman in the place!"

"Worst of all. And now, say *how* you love him?"

"As everybody loves – you're silly, Ellen."

"Not at all – answer."

"I love the ground under his feet, and the air over his head, and everything he touches, and every word he says. I love all his looks, and all his actions, and him entirely and completely!"

"Well then, let us hear what you are unhappy about! Your brother will be pleased; Mr and Mrs Linton will not say no, I think; you will escape from a disorderly, comfortless home into a rich, respectable one; and you love Edgar, and Edgar loves you. All seems clear and easy; where is the difficulty?"

"*Here*! and *here*!" replied Catherine, striking one hand on her head, and the other on her breast. "In whichever place the soul lives. In my soul and in my heart, I'm sure I'm wrong!"

"That's very strange! I don't understand."

"Well, I'll try to explain. I had a strange dream last night: I dreamt I was in heaven. But heaven did not seem to be my home, and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth. The people there were so angry they threw me out, and I landed on the moor at Wuthering Heights, and woke up crying for joy. I've no more right to marry Edgar Linton than I have to be in heaven. If my wicked brother had not brought Heathcliff so low, I shouldn't have thought of it. It would shame me to marry him now,

so he will never know how much I love him. It's because he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same; and Edgar's is as different as moonshine from fire."

Before she stopped speaking, I realized that Heathcliff was in the room. I saw him rise from the seat, and walk out silently. He had heard Catherine say that it would shame her to marry him, and then he left the room. Catherine had not seen him.

"Have you thought of Heathcliff?" I said. "As soon as you become Mrs Linton, he loses friend, and love, and all! How will he bear the separation?"

"Separation!" she cried. "Who is to separate us? Oh, that's not what I intend! Edgar must shake off his dislike, and bear him. And I shall be able to help him to rise, and place him out of my brother's power."

"With your husband's money, Miss Catherine? He won't agree to that! You can't marry young Linton in order to help Heathcliff!"

"But I can never agree to give up Heathcliff! He is the most important part of me. My love for Edgar is like the leaves on the trees: time will change it, I know, as winter changes the trees. My love for Heathcliff is like the hard rocks beneath: it provides little delight, but it is necessary. Ellen, I *am* Heathcliff! He's always, always in my mind. So don't talk of our separation again."

At this point Joseph came in. "Where's that lazy boy?" he demanded.

"Heathcliff? I expect he's with the horses," I said.

Joseph went off to look, and I told Catherine that Heathcliff must have heard most of what she said. At this she jumped up in a great fright and ran off to look for him herself.

But Heathcliff was not to be found anywhere, though we searched the house and farm for him. Catherine was now in a terrible state. "I *must* speak to him!" she cried. "Oh, what did I say to grieve him? I do wish he'd come. I do wish he would!"

It was a dark, cloudy night, and a storm was on the way. But Catherine went out again to look for Heathcliff on the road, calling his name, and crying.

About midnight, the storm came. Joseph and I were frightened by the rushing wind and the fierce rain beating on the windows. But Catherine did not come in until it was over. Her hair and her clothes were thoroughly wet, but she refused to undress or to go to bed. She spent the rest of the night in the kitchen, watching by the open door.

In the morning she was ill. I put her to bed; she was in such a wild, terrible state that I thought she was going mad, and I begged Joseph to run for the doctor. As soon as he saw her he said she was dangerously ill; she had a fever.

It was a long and painful illness, but she did not die. When she was well enough, Mrs Linton took her to stay at Thrushcross Grange. But the poor lady suffered for her kindness: she and her husband both caught the fever, and died a few days later.

We heard nothing more of Heathcliff. When Catherine returned to us, she was more difficult to live with than ever. The doctor said that it was dangerous to make her angry, and that she ought to be allowed to do what she wished as much as possible. Mr Hindley did not mind this, and he was pleased to see that Edgar Linton was interested in Catherine. A marriage with the Lintons would bring honour to the Earnshaw family.

# *Chapter 7*

Three years later, in Gimmerton church, Catherine Earnshaw married Edgar Linton. She was now Mrs Linton of Thrushcross Grange.

She wanted me to live there with her. I was very unwilling to leave little Hareton; I loved him as if he was my own child. He was now nearly five years old, and I had just begun to teach him to read. But Mr Hindley ordered me to go with Catherine. He wanted no women in the house, he said, now that there was no mistress. And so I kissed Hareton goodbye, wondering sadly what care he would receive from his father and Joseph.

Catherine settled very well into her new life at Thrushcross Grange. She behaved much better than I had dared to expect. Mr Edgar and his sister did all they could to please her, and so she had no reason for bad temper. I noticed that Mr Edgar had a deep fear of making her angry. He made sure that the servants were always polite and pleasant to her, even when she spoke sharply to them.

And so for six months nothing happened to trouble Catherine. But there were times when she seemed unhappy and silent. Her husband supposed that these were caused by the severe illness which she had suffered; but I knew she was thinking of Heathcliff. The bad times passed over, and sunshine returned. I believe I can say that they really enjoyed deep and growing happiness.

It ended. On a warm evening in September, I was coming from the garden with a heavy basket of apples. I put it down on the steps to rest a moment, and looked up at the moon. Suddenly I heard a deep voice behind me say: "Ellen, is that you?"

It was a stranger's voice, and yet I felt I had heard it before. I turned round fearfully. The courtyard was full of shadows. One of them moved, and I saw a tall man in dark clothes, with dark face and hair.

"Don't you know me, Ellen?" he said. The moonlight fell on his face, and I saw the black eyes.

"What!" I cried, uncertain whether he was a man or a ghost. "You've come back? Is it really you?"

"Yes, it's me – Heathcliff," he replied. "Are they at home? Where is she? Ellen, you're not glad! You needn't be so troubled. Is she here? I want to have one word with her. Go and say some person from Gimmerton wishes to see her."

"How will she bear the surprise?" I cried. "You *are* Heathcliff – but you've changed so much! Have you been a soldier?"

"Go and carry my message," he told me. "I'm in hell till you do!"

Slowly I went up to the sitting room where Mr and Mrs Linton were. They were sitting together in the window, and they looked so peaceful that I could hardly bear to deliver my message. "A person from Gimmerton wishes to see you, madam," I said.

"What does he want?" asked Catherine.

"I did not question him," I answered.

"Well, bring up tea, Ellen," she said. "I'll be back in a moment." She went downstairs.

A few moments later she flew up again, breathless and wild. "Oh, Edgar, Edgar!" she cried, throwing her arms round his neck. "Heathcliff's come back! He has, he has!"

"Well," said Edgar sharply, "is that so wonderful? There's no need to press the breath out of me!"

"I know you didn't like him," she said, "but to

please me, you must be friends now. Shall I tell him to come up?"

"Here? Into the sitting room? Wouldn't the kitchen be a better place for him?"

Catherine laughed scornfully. "No," she said. "Ellen can set two tables here for tea: one for you and Isabella, the masters, and another for Heathcliff and me – the servants! Go and call Heathcliff, Ellen."

When Heathcliff entered the room she jumped forward, took both his hands and led him to Edgar. Then she seized Edgar's unwilling fingers and pressed them into Heathcliff's. Now that I saw him clearly, I was more surprised than ever by the complete change in Heathcliff. He had become a tall, well-formed man, bigger and stronger than Edgar; and his face seemed older and wiser than my master's. His appearance and manner were those of a gentleman now. Yet there was still a fierce look in the deep-set eyes, full of black fire.

Edgar was even more surprised than I was, and hardly knew how to speak to him. At last he asked him to sit down.

Heathcliff took a seat opposite Catherine. She kept her eyes fixed upon him, as if she was afraid that he would disappear if she looked away. He did not look at her very often: a quick glance from time to time was enough. With each glance the joy in his face deepened.

But Edgar grew pale with anger at their delight in each other. He watched Catherine jump up and seize Heathcliff's hands again. She laughed wildly. "I shall think this a dream tomorrow!" she cried. "I shall not be able to believe that I have seen, and touched, and spoken to you once more. Oh, cruel Heathcliff, to stay away for three years, and never to think of me!"

"A little more than you have thought of *me*," he said softly. "I heard of your marriage not long ago, and made this plan: to look once again at your face, to take my revenge on Hindley, and then to kill myself. But the way you greeted me has put these ideas out of my mind. You won't drive me away again. Oh, I've fought through a hard, cruel life since I last heard your voice."

Heathcliff stayed about an hour. As he left, I asked if he was going to Gimmerton.

"No, to Wuthering Heights," he answered. "Mr Earnshaw asked me to stay, when I visited him this morning."

Hindley asked *him*! And *he* visited Hindley, his old enemy! I couldn't understand this at all. But I learnt later that he had gone to Wuthering Heights for news of Catherine. Hindley was playing cards with some friends, and he asked Heathcliff to join them. Hindley lost some money to Heathcliff, and wanted him to come back and continue the game in the evening.

This gave Heathcliff the idea of asking for lodgings at Wuthering Heights; to be near Catherine, he said, though he had another reason too. He offered good payment, and Hindley, who loved money, agreed eagerly. Heathcliff seemed to have plenty of money now; but we never discovered how he had made it, or how he had changed himself from a farmboy into a gentleman.

## *Chapter 8*

I had a feeling at the bottom of my heart that the return of Heathcliff would cause terrible trouble. But, at first, there were no signs of it. He was careful not

to visit Thrushcross Grange too often, and after that first day Catherine was careful not to show too much pleasure in his visits. And so Edgar allowed the visits without any sign of anxiety.

The trouble came first from a different direction. Something happened which none of us expected: Isabella Linton fell in love with Heathcliff.

She was at that time a pretty young lady of eighteen, still rather childish in her manner. A few weeks after Heathcliff's return we noticed that there seemed to be something the matter with her. She ate little, she grew thin and pale, and she seemed always unhappy and bad-tempered. At last Catherine said she would send for the doctor.

"I'm perfectly well!" cried Isabella. "It's only that you are so unkind to me!"

"Me? Unkind?" said Catherine in the greatest surprise. "When have I been unkind?"

"Yesterday, when we were walking with Mr Heathcliff! You told me to go on in front while you talked together. You sent me away, because you knew I wanted to be with him!"

"What!" cried Catherine. "You can't mean that you *like* Heathcliff!"

"I love him! I love him more than you ever loved Edgar! And he might love me, if you would let him!"

"You must be mad! You know nothing about Heathcliff! You don't realize what he is: a fierce, pitiless, wolfish man. I know he could never love a Linton; but he might marry you for your money! And then he would destroy you."

"You're lying, you wicked, selfish creature! You just want to keep him for yourself!"

Catherine refused to continue the conversation, but she was really angry with Isabella, and the next

afternoon she found a way of punishing her.

The two young ladies were sitting in the library, not speaking a word, when Heathcliff arrived.

"Come in!" cried Catherine brightly. "You're just the person we want, Heathcliff. I'm proud to show you someone who loves you even more than I do!" She took hold of Isabella's arm. "Poor little Isabella is breaking her heart because she loves you! She has eaten nothing since our walk two days ago, when I sent you out of her company!" Isabella was struggling to escape, but Catherine held her tightly.

"Well, I can see that she wishes to be out of my company now!" said Heathcliff. He stared at her, as one might stare at a strange, unpleasant insect. The poor thing grew first white and then red. At last she succeeded in pulling herself away from Catherine, and ran out of the room.

Heathcliff turned to Catherine. "You were not speaking the truth, were you?" he said.

"Oh yes, I was! You could marry her, and become Edgar's brother! But don't think of it any more: I like her too much to let you take her, and eat her up."

"And I like her too little to attempt it. If I lived alone with that empty face, I would do terrible things to it. I would make those blue eyes black – they are hatefully like Edgar's eyes!"

There was a silence. Then Heathcliff said, "She is her brother's heir, isn't she?"

"Yes, at present. If Edgar had no son, Thrushcross Grange would pass to his sister at his death. But I shall have a son, I hope, and then *he* will be the heir! No, forget Isabella, please!"

They said no more about her. But I saw Heathcliff smile to himself when Catherine was not looking, and I knew he was thinking about Isabella.

I did not trust Heathcliff at all. His presence at Wuthering Heights was strange and disturbing, and I guessed he had some wicked, secret purpose there.

I had met Joseph at Gimmerton a few days before, and he had told me that Hindley behaved worse than ever since Heathcliff came. Every night they played cards and drank heavily; and every night Hindley lost more money to Heathcliff. He borrowed money against his land in order to pay Heathcliff. If he could not pay back the money, he would lose his land.

Joseph's account of little Hareton disturbed me too. Heathcliff had taught the boy to hate his father, and swear at him. Hareton was strangely fond of Heathcliff, and did whatever he wanted. And so, in only a few weeks, Heathcliff had got both his old enemy and his enemy's son into his power. What was he planning to do next?

## *Chapter 9*

The next time Heathcliff visited the house, Isabella happened to be feeding some birds in the courtyard. He went up to her, looked all round him to make sure no one was watching, and then he kissed her. He did not see me at the kitchen window, or Catherine, who came up behind me. We saw Isabella pull herself away and run into the garden.

"Heathcliff!" cried Catherine as he entered the kitchen, "I told you to leave Isabella alone!"

"Why should you care?" he said angrily. "I have a right to kiss her, if she chooses, and you have no right to object. I'm not your husband!"

He stood looking into the kitchen fire. "I have something to say to you, Catherine. You have treated

me with terrible cruelty – terrible! Do you think I don't realize it? Do you think I'll suffer without taking my revenge? If you do, you're a fool!"

"What ever do you mean?" cried Catherine in great surprise. "How have I treated you cruelly? How will you take your revenge?"

"Oh, I don't want revenge on you," replied Heathcliff. "That's not the plan. The servant doesn't turn against his master: he destroys those beneath him. You may kill me with your cruelty, if it amuses you. Only allow me to amuse myself a little in the same way!"

At this moment, I left them. It was time to speak to my master, I decided. Edgar was in the sitting room. I told him about Heathcliff's behaviour to Isabella, and he was very angry indeed. "Call two strong men from the servants' hall, Ellen!" he told me.

The men were in the passage behind him when he entered the kitchen. "Leave this house," he said quietly to Heathcliff, "and do not return! I cannot allow Catherine to have any more to do with a man of your evil nature. Go at once!"

Heathcliff looked scornfully at Edgar. "Catherine, your lamb is pretending to be a lion!" he said. "Mr Linton, I'm sorry that you are not worth knocking down."

My master did not intend to attack Heathcliff himself. He signalled to me to call the men from the passage. But as I was going to do this, Catherine pulled me back, shut the door and locked it.

"Fight him yourself!" she cried to her husband. "I've been trying to help you, Edgar, and this is how you thank me! Well, I hope Heathcliff beats you until you're sick!"

Edgar tried to pull the key away from Catherine,

but she threw it into the hottest part of the fire. Now Edgar grew pale. Fear and shame weakened him; he leaned against a chair, and covered his face.

"This is the weak, fearful creature you chose instead of me, Catherine!" said Heathcliff. "I would not strike him with my hand, but I'd kick him with my foot!"

He went up to Edgar and gave the chair a push. But this was a mistake. Edgar quickly stood up, and struck the surprised Heathcliff on the neck.

For a moment Heathcliff could not breathe. During this time Edgar walked out of the back door into the yard. From there he went round to the front.

"He'll come back with all the servants!" cried Catherine. "Get away quickly, Heathcliff!"

"Not after he hit me like that! Let me get at him! I'll crack his body like an empty shell!"

I looked out of the window. "He's not coming himself! He's sent three strong men with big sticks!" This was a lie: the men *were* there, but Edgar was with them.

Heathcliff believed me. He decided to avoid a struggle with the servants, and went out through the back door as they came in.

Catherine stared at them wildly. Then she ran upstairs to the sitting room, telling me to follow her.

"I'm nearly mad, Ellen!" she cried. "A thousand hammers are beating in my head!" She threw herself onto the sofa. "Say to Edgar that I'm in danger of being seriously ill. I want to frighten him. He has disturbed me terribly by his treatment of Heathcliff! I hope I *shall* be ill! If I cannot keep Heathcliff for my friend, I'll try to break their hearts by breaking my own. Tell Edgar to remember my violent temper.

Warn him that it's dangerous to disturb me! Oh, Ellen, why don't you look more anxious about me?"

I listened to her calmly. If she could plan her tempers in this way, I thought, then she could also master them. So I did not give her message to Edgar when I met him coming towards the sitting room.

"I have not come to quarrel with you, Catherine," he said quietly. "I only wish to know if you intend to continue your friendship with — "

"For heaven's sake!" she cried. "Don't speak about it now! Your cold blood can't be heated by anger, or by love either – it is iced water! But my blood is boiling."

"You *must* answer my question. Will you give up Heathcliff or me? It is impossible for you to be *my* friend and *his* at the same time. I demand to know which you choose."

"And I demand to be left alone! Don't you see that I can hardly stand? Edgar, you – you must leave me!"

She rang the bell till it broke; I entered slowly. There she lay, hitting her head against the arm of the sofa – such wicked, senseless temper! Edgar stood looking at her, suddenly afraid. He told me to fetch some water. I brought a glass full; and as she would not drink, I threw it on her face. She was as white as death.

"She has blood on her lips!" said Edgar, shaking.

"There's nothing at all the matter!" I said sharply, and told Edgar how she had planned to frighten him.

She heard me, and jumped up. She stared round her with wild eyes and then rushed from the room. I followed her to her bedroom door, but she locked it against me.

# *Chapter 10*

On the morning after the quarrel, Edgar had a long talk with Isabella. I heard him telling her that she must forget Heathcliff. He warned her that if she married such a man, he would no longer consider her as his sister. But Isabella wept and would not answer.

At this time I felt I was the only sensible person at Thrushcross Grange. Isabella spent the days wandering around the park, usually in tears. Edgar sat alone in the library – he was hoping, I guessed, that Catherine would come and ask his forgiveness. But Catherine remained in her room, with nothing to eat: she meant to punish Edgar as well as herself.

On the third day she unlocked her door, and asked for some food. Her face was terribly changed, and her manner was strange and wild.

"Why doesn't Edgar come?" she demanded. "Doesn't he care that I am so ill? What is he doing, Ellen?"

"He spends his time among his books," I said. "He has no reason to believe that you are ill." I would not have spoken like this, if I had known her real condition; but I still thought that she was acting.

"Among his books!" she cried. "When I'm dying! My God! Does he know how I've changed? He imagines this is a game, perhaps. But it's real, terribly real. Oh, he should never have spoken to me like that! I remember running away from him into this room, Ellen, and locking the door – and then complete blackness came down over me, and I fell on the floor. When I opened my eyes again, I was lying with my head against that table leg. And I thought that I was in my old wooden bed at home – at Wuthering Heights. Oh, I wish I were a girl again, wild and strong and

free! I want to breathe the fresh air from the hills. Open the window! Quick, why don't you move?"

"Because I won't give you your death of cold."

"You won't give me a chance of life, you mean. Well, I'll open it myself."

And before I could stop her, she slipped out of bed, crossed the room and threw back the window. She leaned out, taking no notice of the icy air that cut as sharp as a knife. I tried to pull her back, but in her wild state she was stronger than me.

There was no moon, and everything lay in darkness; but she said that she could see the lights of Wuthering Heights.

"Look!" she said eagerly, "that's my room with the candle in it, and the trees waving in front of it. And the other candle is in Joseph's room. Joseph is sitting up late, isn't he? He's waiting till I come home, so that he can lock the gate. Well, he'll wait some time yet. It's a rough journey, and a sad one; and we must pass through Gimmerton churchyard to make that journey! Heathcliff and I, we've often stood among the graves of the dead people, and called to the ghosts to come out. But Heathcliff, will you dare to stand on *my* grave? If you do, I'll keep you. I won't lie there alone. They may bury me twelve feet deep, and throw the church down over me, but I won't rest till you are with me. I never will!"

I could not stop her mad talk. But at this moment the bedroom door opened, and Edgar came in. He had heard our voices.

"Oh, sir!" I cried. "My poor mistress is ill. Forget your anger, and make her go back to bed."

"Catherine ill?" He hurried to us. "Catherine! why —" He stopped. The terrible change in her appearance made him silent.

"She wouldn't let me in till this evening, so I couldn't tell you about her illness," I explained. "But it's nothing."

The master looked angry. "It's nothing, is it, Ellen?
You should have called me before!" And he took his wife in his arms. At first she did not even see him. Then she realized who it was that held her.

"Ah, you have come, have you, Edgar Linton?" she said with an angry look. "Well, you should have come before, when I wanted you! You are too late now: you can't keep me from my narrow bed in the churchyard. I'll be there before spring is over! There it is: not with the Lintons, inside the church, but in the open air, with a gravestone."

"Catherine, what have you done? Don't you care about me any more? Do you love that Heath —"

"Quiet!" she cried. "Don't speak that name! I don't want you now, Edgar. Return to your books."

"Her mind is wandering, sir," I said. "We must be careful not to trouble her."

"I want no more advice from you!" he answered. "This terrible illness is mostly your fault!"

I thought it was not fair to blame me in this way. "I only did the duty of a faithful servant," I said. "Wasn't it my duty to tell you about Heathcliff and Isabella?"

Catherine's mind might be wandering, but she understood this. "Ah, Ellen has been telling secrets!"

She struggled to escape from Edgar's arms. I hurried out of the room. I thought it was time to fetch the doctor.

I found him at home. He came at once, and examined Catherine. She needed perfect calm around her, he told us, in order to regain her strength. To

me, he said that the danger was not so much of death, but of madness.

Catherine's illness was not our only trouble that night. In the morning we discovered that Isabella's room was empty. She had run away with Heathcliff! There was no doubt about it: someone had seen them riding through the village, soon after midnight.

I expected that Edgar would send a servant after them, but he did not. "She chose to go with him," he said, "and I shall not try to stop her. Now I wish to have nothing more to do with her."

## *Chapter 11*

Heathcliff and Isabella were away for two months. During this time Catherine passed through the worst part of her illness. It was Edgar's care which saved her from death. Day and night he watched over her. In looking after Catherine he weakened his own health; but when the doctor announced that her life was out of danger, he was full of joy.

Our joy was not only for Catherine, but also for the child which she was bearing. We hoped that in another two months an heir would be born to Edgar Linton.

At this time Heathcliff brought Isabella back to Wuthering Heights. The next day I received a long letter from her. She was Heathcliff's wife now, and had discovered his true nature.

"I hate him," she wrote, "and I fear him – like a lion, or some great snake. But I cannot escape from him! He means to keep me prisoner here at Wuthering Heights. He cannot punish Edgar, whom he blames for Catherine's illness; so he punishes me in his place!

"Hindley hates him too. I believe that in their card games he has lost everything to Heathcliff – yet he wants only to go on playing. And so this evil creature has us both in his power!

"Please, Ellen, come to see me here. And bring me a letter from Edgar."

But Edgar refused to write even a word to her. I set off for Wuthering Heights with a heavy heart.

When I got there, I walked straight in. The place was sadly changed: not cheerful now, but dirty and untidy. Heathcliff and Isabella were in the sitting room alone. Heathcliff rose, and greeted me politely. He had the appearance and manners of a real gentleman now; but Isabella looked terrible! Her pretty face was pale and sad, her hair hung untidily down her back and her dress was dirty.

She came forward eagerly to greet me, and held out one hand for the letter which she expected from Edgar. I shook my head. She did not understand, but whispered to me to give her what I had brought.

Heathcliff guessed what she wanted. "If you have something for Isabella, you needn't make a secret of it," he said. "We have no secrets between us."

"Oh, I have nothing," I replied. "My master sends his wishes for your happiness, madam, but you must not expect either a letter or a visit from him."

Her eyes filled with tears, and she returned to her seat near the window.

Heathcliff began to question me about Catherine's illness, and what had caused it. I did not want to tell him too much. "Her life has been saved," I finished, "but she'll never be like she was. If you really care for her, you'll keep away now. In any case, she has changed so completely that she no longer seems to be the same person! One can only feel pity for her now."

"Pity!" cried Heathcliff scornfully. "Perhaps Edgar feels only *pity* for her; but my feelings are quite different! He couldn't love as much in eighty years as I could in a day! I must see her, Ellen!"

"What! You are ready to ruin all her chances of getting better – now, when she has nearly forgotten you?"

"You think she has nearly forgotten me? Oh Ellen! You know that she has not! For every thought she spends on Edgar, she spends a thousand on me. Catherine has a heart as deep as I have. To give all her love to Edgar would be like pouring the sea into that little bowl there! He is hardly dearer to her than her dog, or her horses!"

"Catherine and Edgar are as fond of each other as any two people can be!" cried Isabella suddenly. "You have no right to talk about my brother in that way!"

"You brother is wonderfully fond of you, too, isn't he?" said Heathcliff scornfully. "He is surprisingly eager to turn you away!"

"He doesn't know what I suffer," she replied.

"You must treat her kindly, sir," I said. "She has given up her family, her friends and the comforts of her home, all for your sake."

"She gave them up under a false belief," he answered. "She imagined me as a story-book hero, full of love and tenderness for her. She refused to believe that I did not love her! I showed her my hatred in every way I could think of. But however cruelly I treated her, she came running back to me! Even now, she doesn't want to leave me. She could go, if she wished."

"He's lying!" cried Isabella. "Don't believe a word he says! He told me I could leave him before, and I've

made the attempt – but I dare not repeat it! Oh Ellen, promise me you won't speak of this to Edgar. Heathcliff says he has married me in order to gain power over Edgar – but I won't let him! I'll die first!"

"There, that's enough!" said Heathcliff. "Go upstairs, Isabella. I have something to say to Ellen."

He pushed her out of the room and returned, speaking to himself. "I have no pity! I have no pity! I watch the miserable creatures twist in pain, and the more they twist, the more I want to hurt them!"

"Do you understand what the word pity means?" I said. "Did you ever feel it in your life?" I was putting on my hat, ready to go.

"No, Ellen, you're not going yet!" he said. "You must help me to see Catherine, without delay. I swear that I don't intend to cause any trouble. I only wish to learn from herself how she is. Last night I was in her garden six hours, and I'll return there tonight; and every day, till I find a chance of entering the house."

"Another meeting between you and the master would kill her altogether," I said.

"That can be avoided, with your help. You *must* help me, Ellen! I shan't let you go home till you have promised!"

Again and again I refused him; but in the end he forced me to agree. He gave me a letter for Catherine, and I promised to give it to her; if she agreed, I would let him in when my master was out.

## *Chapter 12*

I decided not to give Catherine the letter until my master went out. And so for three days I carried it in my pocket. Every night Heathcliff was in the garden; I knew he was there, but I did not go near him.

The fourth day was Sunday, and in the afternoon Edgar and the servants went to church. The house was empty. I left the doors wide open, and went up to Catherine's room.

She sat in front of the open window as usual, wearing a full white dress. Her appearance had indeed changed; but when she was calm there was unearthly beauty in the change. The brightness of her eyes had turned to a sad softness. They no longer seemed to look at the objects around her, but beyond them, and far beyond – out of this world, it seemed. When I saw this look in her eyes, I felt sure she was going to die.

A book lay in front of her, but she did not look at it. Edgar had put it there. He spent hours trying to interest her in the books she had once loved.

The church bells were ringing in the distance, and the peaceful sound of the stream came from the valley. Catherine had that distant look on her face.

"There's a letter for you, Mrs Linton," I said. "You must read it immediately, because it needs an answer. Shall I open it?"

"Yes," she said, still staring out of the window.

I opened it – it was very short. "Now, read it."

She let it fall off her knee. I replaced it, but still she did not pick it up.

"It is from Mr Heathcliff," I said at last.

She lifted the letter eagerly then, and seemed to read it. But she could not understand it.

"Well, he wishes to see you," I said. "He's in the garden by this time, waiting to hear your answer."

But Heathcliff did not wait in the garden. At that moment we heard a step in the hall. Catherine turned eagerly towards the door of her room. It opened, and Heathcliff entered. He walked straight to her side and took her in his arms.

For five minutes he did not speak, but held her close, and kissed her again and again. I saw that he could hardly bear to look into her face! One glance had already told him that she was sure to die.

"Oh, Cathy! Oh, my life! How can I bear it?" he said at last.

"What now?" said Catherine, suddenly angry. "You and Edgar have broken my heart, Heathcliff! And you both come to me with your sorrow, as if you were the people to be pitied! I shan't pity you!"

Heathcliff had knelt down beside her; he attempted to rise, but she seized his hair, and kept him down.

"I wish I could hold you," she continued, "till we were both dead! I shouldn't care what you suffered. Why shouldn't you suffer? I do! Will you forget me? Will you be happy when I'm in the earth?"

"Don't make me as mad as you are yourself!" cried Heathcliff fiercely, pulling his head free. A bit of his hair remained between Catherine's fingers.

"You have a devil inside you," he went on, "to talk like that to me when you are dying! All these words will be marked on my memory, biting deeper and deeper into me for ever! Catherine, you know that I can never forget you! While you are at peace, I shall be suffering everlasting pain."

"I shall not be at peace," said Catherine. Her heart was beating violently, and for some minutes she could not speak. Then she continued, more kindly: "I'm not wishing you greater pain than I have, Heathcliff. I only wish us never to be parted. If my words hurt you, after I've gone, remember that I'll feel the same pain underground – and for my sake, forgive me! Come here and kneel down again!"

He went to the back of her chair, and leaned over, but he did not let her see his face, which showed his

feelings too plainly. She bent round to look at him; he would not allow it, but turned and walked to the fireplace, where he stood, silent, with his back towards us.

Catherine watched him closely. After a pause she said sorrowfully: "Oh, you see, Ellen, *that* is how I am loved! Well, never mind. That is not *my* Heathcliff. I shall love mine still, and take him with me: he's in my soul. And after all," she went on, "the thing that troubles me most is this broken prison, my body. I'm tired, tired of being enclosed here. I want to escape into that splendid world, and to be always there. Very soon I shall be beyond and above you all. Why won't he come near me?" she went on to herself. "Heathcliff, dear! Do come to me!"

In her eagerness she rose, and supported herself on the arm of a chair. He turned to her then, and his eyes were wet at last. A moment they remained, then Catherine sprang forward. He caught her, and they were locked together, so tightly that I thought my mistress would never come out alive from his hold. Still holding her, he dropped into the nearest seat. I thought she had fainted, but she put a hand round his neck, bringing her cheek up to his. Covering her with kisses he said wildly: "Why did you scorn me? Why did you go against your own heart, Cathy? You loved me – then what *right* had you to leave me? I have not one word of comfort. You deserve this. You have killed yourself. I have not broken your heart – *you* have broken it, and in breaking it, you have broken mine. Do I want to live? What kind of living will it be when you – oh, God! Would *you* like to live with your soul in the grave?"

"Stop! Stop!" wept Catherine. "If I have done wrong, I'm dying for it. It is enough. You left me

too, but I won't blame you. I forgive you. Forgive me!"

"It is hard to forgive, and to look at those eyes, and feel those thin hands," he answered. "Kiss me again and don't let me see your eyes! I forgive what you have done to me. I love *my* murderer – but yours! How can I?"

They were both silent – their faces hidden against each other, and washed by each other's tears. At least, I supposed the weeping was on both sides; it seemed that Heathcliff *could* weep on a great occasion like this.

The afternoon was passing quickly, and in the distance, I could see people outside Gimmerton church. "The church service is over!" I announced. "My master will be here in half an hour."

Heathcliff cursed, and pulled Catherine closer.

Before long I saw the servants making their way towards the kitchen door. Mr Linton was not far behind. "Now he is here!" I cried. "For heaven's sake, hurry down. You won't meet anyone on the front stairs. Be quick!"

He tried to rise, but she hung tightly to him.

"No!" she cried wildly. "Oh don't, don't go. Heathcliff, I shall die! I shall die!"

"Are you going to listen to her madness?" I cried. "Will you ruin her? She doesn't know what she's saying! We're all ruined!" I cried out, as Edgar hurried in.

Catherine's arms had fallen from Heathcliff's neck, and her head hung down. "She's fainted," I thought.

Edgar sprang to Heathcliff, white with anger. But Heathcliff immediately placed the lifeless-looking body in his arms. "Help her first – then you may speak to me!" He went out into the garden.

# *Chapter 13*

At about twelve o'clock that night Catherine gave birth to a daughter. It was a miserable little thing, born two months before its time. A few hours after, the mother died. She never reopened her eyes, either to know Edgar or to miss Heathcliff.

In death her face had a look of perfect peace. I looked down at her as she lay there in the early morning sunlight, a heavenly beauty in her face. I felt quite sure then that her spirit was with God.

Edgar lay sleeping beside her, tired out by his suffering. I decided to go out to find Heathcliff.

He was there, leaning against an old tree in a quiet part of the garden. He raised his eyes as I approached.

"She's dead!" he said. "I know that already. Put your handkerchief away – don't cry in front of me. Curse you all! She doesn't want *your* tears!"

I was weeping as much for him as for her. We do sometimes pity creatures that have no pity either for themselves or for others. I saw his lips moving, and I had the foolish idea that he was praying.

"Yes, she's dead!" I answered.

"How did —" He could not continue. He stared fiercely at me, refusing my pity; but he was shaking all over, even to his finger ends. "How did she die?" he said at last.

"Quietly as a lamb!" I answered. "She took a deep breath, like a child waking and then falling to sleep again. Five minutes after, I felt her heart beat once, and nothing more."

"And – did she ever say my name?" he asked.

"She knew nobody from the time you left her," I said. "She lies with a sweet smile on her face. Her life

closed in a gentle dream – I hope she may wake as gently in heaven!"

"I hope she may wake in hell!" he cried, with sudden, frightful violence. "She deceives us to the end! She's not *there* – not in heaven – where is she? Oh, you said you didn't care about my sufferings! And I pray one prayer – Catherine Earnshaw, do not rest as long as I am living! You said I killed you – let your ghost appear to me, then! Be with me always – take any form – drive me mad! Only *do* not leave me alone in this empty world! Oh, God! I *cannot* live without my life! I cannot live without my soul!"

He beat his head violently against the tree. Lifting up his eyes he howled, not like a man, but like a fierce beast hunted to death. I saw spots of blood on the tree already, and his hand and head were both marked with blood. He had probably done this several times during the night. After a moment he noticed me watching him, and roughly ordered me to go. I obeyed.

Catherine was buried neither with the Lintons inside Gimmerton church, nor with her own family in the graveyard outside. Her grave was dug on a green slope in a corner of the churchyard, just beside the moor that she loved. A simple gravestone marks the place.

## *Chapter 14*

Catherine's child received little attention during the first hours of its life. Edgar was too full of his loss to think of the baby. At first I kept it away from him. How unfortunate, I thought, that it was a girl and not a boy! Edgar now had no heir; his possessions would pass to his sister, if he died, and not to his daughter. This was according to the wishes of old Mr Linton.

On the day after Catherine's burial, I was in the sitting room, with the crying baby on my knee. Suddenly a young woman rushed in, breathless and laughing wildly! It was Isabella. She told me that she had run the whole way from Wuthering Heights. There was blood on her face and her clothes were in a terrible state. She had escaped from her husband while he was fighting with Hindley. Hindley, it seemed, had tried to kill Heathcliff.

Isabella did not stay at Thrushcross Grange. She knew that Edgar would not want her; she was afraid also that Heathcliff would come to find her there. In order to be safe from him, she must go further away. And so she left Gimmerton for ever. My master received news that she had settled in the south, near London. From this time they wrote to each other regularly.

Heathcliff remained at Wuthering Heights, with Hindley and little Hareton. I met him sometimes in the village; but Edgar hated him so deeply that he would not go anywhere where he was likely to see or hear of him. Because of this, and his grief for Catherine, Edgar cut himself off from all company. He even stopped going to church. He never left his own grounds now, except to walk alone on the moors; or to visit his wife's grave in the late evening or early morning, when nobody was about.

As time passed, the pain of his loss grew less. He was too good to be completely unhappy for long. *He* didn't pray for Catherine's ghost to appear to him!

And he had one great comfort; his baby daughter. At first he had taken no notice of her, but his coldness disappeared as fast as snow in April. Before she could speak a word or walk a step, the little thing ruled his heart. She was named Catherine. But he always called

her Cathy, to make a difference between her and her mother.

A few months after Isabella's escape from Heathcliff, we heard that she too had given birth to a child. It was a boy and she named it Linton. It was an unhealthy child from the first, she reported.

Heathcliff heard of the birth of his son. He discovered, too, where Isabella was living, but he did not go after her. He often asked about the child when he saw me. Hearing that it was named Linton, he smiled a dark smile. "They wish me to hate it too, do they?"

"I don't think they wish you to know anything about it," I answered.

"But I'll have it," he said, "when I want it!"

I often thought how different Edgar was from Hindley Earnshaw. Facing almost the same problems they behaved in opposite ways. Both had lost a wife whom they loved deeply; both had been left with a young child. Hindley has lost all purpose in life. But Edgar showed true courage; he trusted God, and God comforted him. Hindley had seemed a stronger character than Edgar, but after all, he was the weaker.

Hindley lived only six months after his sister, Catherine. He drank himself to death. He was only twenty-seven (my own age) but his heavy drinking had destroyed him completely.

On his death, Wuthering Heights did not pass to his son, Hareton. It belonged to Heathcliff now, for Hindley had lost everything to him in his endless card games.

Hareton had nothing. Edgar wanted to take him to live at Thrushcross Grange – he was his uncle, after all. But when I said this to Heathcliff, he laughed unpleasantly. "I like the idea of bringing up a child!"

he said. "If you take this one, I'll replace him with my own son!"

And so we did nothing, and young Hareton was left in the power of Heathcliff.

Heathcliff had gained his revenge on his old enemy, Hindley. He was now the master of Wuthering Heights, and Hindley's son was like a servant to him. But Heathcliff's revenge was not yet complete. He had another enemy: Edgar.

## *Chapter 15*

The twelve years that followed were the happiest of my life, as I watched little Cathy grow up into a strong and healthy child. She brought sunshine into that unhappy house. She was a real beauty, with the Earnshaws' fine dark eyes, but the Lintons' yellow hair. Like her mother, she was cheerful with a generous, loving heart. But she was really very different from her mother. Her anger was never violent, her love never fierce; her voice was gentle and her expression thoughtful. But she had her faults: and one of them was to want her own way in everything.

From the time she was a baby, she ruled her father's heart. He forgot his sadness in the joy of her company. They were together most of the day. He taught her all her lessons; she had a quick mind, and learnt easily and eagerly.

Till she reached the age of thirteen, she had not once been beyond the park alone. Edgar occasionally took her out with him, but he trusted her to no one else. Gimmerton church was the only building she had ever entered, except her own home. She had never heard of Wuthering Heights or Mr Heathcliff.

She seemed satisfied with her quiet life. But

sometimes she looked from her bedroom window at the hills in the distance. "I wonder what lies on the other side of those hills, Ellen? Is it the sea?"

"No, Miss Cathy, it is hills again, just like these."

She was especially interested in the line of rocky hills called Penistone Crags. At sunset the rocky heights were golden, while the country below lay in shadow.

"I would like to stand on the top of those rocks!" she said. "Why are they still bright so long after it is evening here?"

"Because they are a great deal higher up than we are. You couldn't climb them, they are too high and steep. Besides, they are not worth the trouble of visiting. Thrushcross Park is much nicer."

"But I know the park, and I don't know those. My little horse Minny can take me one day. I'll ask Papa to go with me."

But the road to Penistone Crags went close by Wuthering Heights, and Edgar could not bear to pass it. Whenever Cathy asked, "Now am I old enough to go to Penistone Crags?" he answered, "Not yet, love; not yet."

Isabella Heathcliff died about twelve years after she left her husband, of a kind of fever, I think. She wrote to her brother to tell him that she thought she was going to die, and begged him to come to her. She wished to say goodbye to Edgar, and to deliver Linton safely into his hands. She hoped that his father would not want to bring him up, but would leave him with Edgar.

My master agreed to go immediately. He left Cathy in my care; she must not go out of the park, even with me, he said. He never thought she would go alone!

He was away three weeks. The first day or two, Cathy sat in a corner of the library, too sad for either reading or playing. Then she began to amuse herself by going round the park, pretending she was a traveller in distant lands. She often remained out from breakfast until tea, and then spent the evening in telling me about her imaginary travels.

One morning she came to me, and said that day she was a merchant, going to cross the desert, and I must give her plenty of food for herself and her animals. I filled a basket for her, and she set off happily with her horse and three dogs.

Teatime came, and she did not return. One traveller, the oldest dog, appeared, but Cathy, her horse and the other dogs could not be found anywhere. At last I went in search of her. Near the edge of the park I found a man working on the fence, and asked him if he had seen our young lady.

"I saw her this morning," he answered. "She made her horse jump over the fence there and rode away."

I realized at once she must have set out for Penistone Crags, and started after her, along the road towards Wuthering Heights. "What if she should have slipped on the rocks and broken a bone?" I thought.

But outside Mr Heathcliff's place I found one of our dogs, lying under the wall with blood on its ear. I knocked loudly on the door.

It was opened by the housekeeper. "Ah," she said, "you've come for your little mistress! She's here safe. Come in and rest! The master and Joseph are out."

I entered, and saw Cathy sitting on a little chair that had been her mother's when she was a child. Her hat was hanging on the wall. She seemed perfectly at home, laughing and talking to Hareton, now a big strong youth of eighteen. He stared at her with

interest, but seemed to understand little of the stream of remarks and questions that poured from her.

I learnt later that they had met outside the gate, when the farm dogs had fought with Cathy's dogs. The owners had had difficulty in separating them. Then Hareton had shown Cathy the way to Penistone Crags. They seemed to have become good friends.

I was delighted to find Cathy safe. But I hid my joy under an angry face.

"You bad, bad girl! You've done very wrong! What will Mr Edgar say? I shan't trust you again! Put this hat on and come home at once!"

She began to cry. "What have I done? Papa won't be angry – he's never angry, like you!" She pushed away the hat, which I was putting on her head.

"Well, Miss Cathy," I said, "if you knew whose house this is, you'd be glad enough to get out."

She turned to Hareton. "It's *your* father's, isn't it?"

"No," he replied, and his face turned red.

"Whose then? Your master's?"

He became redder still, and swore to himself.

Cathy turned to me. "I thought he must be the owner's son. He talked about 'our house'. And he never said 'Miss'; he should have done, shouldn't he, if he's a servant."

Hareton grew black as a storm cloud, at this childish speech. I did not answer her, but silently shook her, and managed to put her hat on.

"Now, get my horse," she said to Hareton, just as if he was one of the servants at the Grange. "What's the matter? Get my horse, I say."

"I'll see you damned before I'm *your* servant!" he said roughly.

"You'll see me *what*?" asked Cathy in surprise.

"Damned – you rude girl!"

"There, Miss Cathy! You see what company you have got into," I said. "Nice words to be used to a young lady! Come, let us look for Minny ourselves."

"But Ellen," she cried, "how dare he speak like that to me! You wicked creature, I shall tell Papa!"

"Be quiet, Miss!" said Zillah, the housekeeper. "Though Mr Hareton is not the master's son, he's your cousin."

"*He* my cousin!" Cathy laughed scornfully.

"Yes, indeed."

"Oh, Ellen, don't let them say such things! Papa has gone to fetch my cousin from London. My cousin is a gentleman's son!" She began weeping.

"Be quiet!" I whispered. "People can have many cousins, and of all sorts, without being any the worse for it."

"He's not – he's not my cousin, Ellen!" She wept more loudly than ever at the thought.

Hareton seemed sorry to see Cathy crying, and brought her horse. We set out for home at once.

I could not help smiling at her dislike of the poor fellow. He was dressed like a farm worker, and spoke like one too; but he was a well-made, good-looking youth. In his face I thought I saw signs of a better mind and character than his father had ever possessed. But they were hidden deep beneath his rough surface. He had never been taught to read or write, or told how he should behave.

I thought how cruel Heathcliff was to bring up Hareton in this way. He did not beat or hit the boy: Hareton's fearless nature had saved him from that, for Heathcliff only loved to hurt those who feared him. But this kind of cruelty was even worse. By bringing the boy down almost to the level of a beast, Heathcliff had completed his revenge on Hindley.

# *Chapter 16*

A letter arrived from Edgar to tell us that Isabella was dead; he was bringing her son Linton home with him. Cathy was wild with joy and excitement. She was going to have her father back; and she was going to meet her "real" cousin.

"Linton is just six months younger than I am," she said, as we waited for the carriage. "Oh, how delightful it will be to have him for a play-fellow! Oh, I am happy – and Papa, dear, dear, Papa!"

At last the travelling carriage rolled into sight. Cathy caught sight of her father at the window, and stretched out her arms. He got out, almost as eager as herself; and for some minutes they thought only of each other. I looked inside the carriage to see Linton, and found him asleep in a corner. He was a pale, weak-looking boy, with a face very much like Edgar's; except that he had a bad-tempered look that Edgar never had.

"He is very tired by the journey," said Edgar.

He woke Linton and lifted him to the ground. "This is your cousin Cathy, Linton," he said, putting their hands together. "She's fond of you already; try not to grieve her by crying tonight. Try to be cheerful now; the travelling is at an end, and you have nothing to do but rest and amuse yourself."

"Let me go to bed, then," answered the boy, pulling away from Cathy's kisses.

We all went up to the library, where tea was laid ready. I placed Linton on a chair by the table, but he began to cry. "I can't sit on a chair!" he wept.

"Go to the sofa, then, and Ellen will bring you some tea," said his uncle gently.

Linton lay down on the sofa, and Cathy carried her

cup to his side. She had firmly decided to make a pet of her cousin. She began feeling his soft hair, and patting his arm. Then she held his cup for him to drink, like a baby. This pleased him, for he was like a small child in many ways.

"Oh, he'll be all right," said the master to me, watching them. "If we can keep him, Ellen!"

"Yes, if we can keep him!" I thought. I wished that Cathy had not given the news of his arrival at Wuthering Heights.

The matter was decided even earlier than I had expected. Mr Heathcliff sent Joseph to fetch his son that very same evening. Since the boy was already asleep, Edgar refused to hand him over – but he promised to send him the next day. He was very sad to give him up, but what else could he do, when his father demanded him?

Linton was not at all pleased when I woke him early next morning and told him that he must prepare for further travelling. "You are going to spend some time with your father," I said.

"My father!" he cried. "Mother never told me I had a father! I'd rather stay with Uncle. Why didn't mother and he live together, like other people do?"

"He had business to keep him in the north," I answered, "and your mother had to live in the south because of her health."

"And why didn't mother speak to me about him? She often talked of Uncle, and I learnt to love him long ago. How am I to love Papa? I don't know him."

"Oh, all children love their fathers," I said.

We set out at last, in the early morning sunshine. Linton rode on Minny and I walked beside him.

When we came to the Heights I went and opened the door. The family had just finished breakfast.

"Hello, Ellen!" cried Mr Heathcliff. "You've brought what belongs to me, have you? I was afraid I should have to come and fetch it myself. Let us have a look at it."

He went to the door, followed by Hareton and Joseph. All three stared at poor Linton in silence.

"Surely," said Joseph at last, "he's sent his girl in place of your boy, master!"

Heathcliff gave a scornful laugh. "God, what a beauty! What a lovely, sweet thing! Oh, damn it, Ellen, but that's worse than I expected – and I didn't hope for much!"

I told the frightened child to dismount and go in. He had not understood the meaning of his father's words; indeed he was not yet certain that the dark, scornful stranger *was* his father. He held on to me with growing fear; and when Mr Heathcliff told him to "come here", he hid his face on my shoulder

"Now, now!" said Heathcliff, sitting down, and pulling the boy between his knees. "We're not going to hurt you, Linton! Oh, you are your mother's child entirely!" He ran his hand over the fair hair, and felt the thin arms and legs, all equally weak. The child lifted his great blue eyes to his father's face.

"Do you know me?" asked Heathcliff.

"No," said Linton fearfully.

"You've heard of me, I suppose?"

"No," he replied again.

"No? Your mother was very wrong never to tell you about your father! I'll tell you then: you are my son! Be a good boy, and I'll look after you. Ellen, what are you waiting for? You can go home now."

"Well, I hope you'll be kind to the boy, Mr Heathcliff," I replied, "or you won't keep him long. He's not strong, remember."

"I'll be *very* kind to him," he said, laughing. "And to begin my kindness: Joseph, bring the boy some breakfast! Hareton, get off to your work." They both went out, and Heathcliff came over to me.

"You see, Ellen," he said, "my son will be the owner of Thrushcross Grange, and I should not wish him to die yet: not till I'm certain that it will pass from him to me. Besides, he's *mine*, and I want the joy of seeing *my* child the lord of Edgar's land. That is the only reason I can bear him! I scorn him for himself, and hate him for the memories he brings back. But that one reason is enough: I shall look after him well. I've furnished a comfortable room for him; I've arranged for a teacher to come and give him lessons, three times a week; I've ordered Hareton to obey him. I mean to preserve the gentleman in him!"

He looked darkly at the boy in the corner. "But I'm sorry he so little deserves the trouble! I wish from my heart that I could feel proud of my son: that's the only blessing I could ask for in this world."

Joseph came in with some food for Linton, and I slipped out. As I closed the door, I heard a cry:

"Don't leave me! I won't stay here!"

But the door remained shut, and Linton stayed at Wuthering Heights.

## *Chapter 17*

Cathy wept terribly when she discovered that her cousin had gone. We explained to her that his own father had come and taken him away to live with him. But we did not tell her who his father was. She never imagined that he was the owner of the house across the moors which she had visited, and that Linton was

living only a few miles away from her.

I sometimes met the housekeeper from Wuthering Heights in the village, and asked her for news of young Linton. She told me that he was always in poor health: he usually had a cough, or a cold, or a pain of some sort. She did not like him; he was a selfish boy, she said, who thought of nothing but his own health.

Time passed pleasantly enough at Thrushcross Grange, till Cathy was sixteen. Her birthday was also the day of her mother's death, and so her father always spent the day alone in the library. This day was a beautiful spring day, and Cathy asked me to go with her for a walk on the moors.

As I walked, I enjoyed the sweet, warm sunshine, and listened to the birds singing high in the air. Cathy ran ahead of me, her golden hair flying behind her. She was a happy creature, in those days.

Up and down hills we went, along valleys and across banks. I was growing tired.

"It's time to go home, Miss Cathy," I said.

"Oh, a little further, Ellen!" she kept saying. Then she ran on ahead of me, until she was out of sight.

We were on Wuthering Heights land now. When I came in sight of her again I saw that she was talking to someone. It was Heathcliff himself. Hareton was standing near them; he looked as rough as ever.

"Who are you?" Cathy was saying to Heathcliff. "Is that man your son? I've seen him before."

"No, he's not my son," answered Heathcliff. "But I have one, and you have seen him before, too. My house is very near: why don't you come in and rest?"

I whispered to Cathy that we must certainly not go with him. But she refused to listen to me, and ran eagerly on towards the grey stone farmhouse.

"Come, Ellen!" said Heathcliff, seizing my arm.

"No, Mr Heathcliff," I said. "I'm sure you have some evil plan! She'll see Linton, and —"

"I want her to see Linton! My plan is a very honest and generous one. I hope that the two cousins may fall in love, and get married. At present the girl will receive nothing after her father dies. But if she marries Linton, she will join him as heir to Thrushcross Grange."

Cathy was waiting for us at the gate. Heathcliff smiled when he looked at her, and spoke in a softer voice. I was foolish enough to believe that the memory of her mother would stop him from wishing to harm her.

We entered the house. Linton was standing by the fireplace. He was tall now for his age – nearly sixteen – and good looking in a girlish way.

"Now, who is that?" said Mr Heathcliff to Cathy.

"Your son?" She looked doubtfully from one to the other.

"Yes, yes. But is this the only time you have seen him? Linton, don't you remember your cousin?"

"What! Linton!" cried Cathy, in joyful surprise. "Is that little Linton? He's taller than I am!"

She kissed him warmly, and they looked at each other in wonder. Then Cathy went over to Heathcliff. "And you are my uncle, then!" she cried, reaching up to kiss him. "Why don't you visit us at the Grange with Linton, as you live so near?"

"I visited it once or twice too often, before you were born," he answered.

"I'll walk over here every morning," Cathy went on, "and bring Papa. Won't you be glad to see us?"

"Of course!" replied the uncle. "But wait. Mr Linton dislikes me: we quarrelled once. If you tell him you have been here, he won't allow your visits."

"Why did you quarrel?" asked Cathy.

"He thought I was too poor to marry his sister."

"That was wrong!" said Cathy. "But Linton and I have nothing to do with your quarrel. I won't come here, then: he can come to the Grange."

"It will be too far for me," said her cousin. "To walk four miles would kill me! No, come here, Miss Catherine. Not every morning, but once or twice a week."

Heathcliff looked at his son in scorn. "I'm afraid, Ellen, my labour will be wasted!" he whispered to me. "The girl will discover his value, and send him to the devil. Now, if it had been Hareton! Do you know that twenty times a day, I wish he were mine? I'd have loved that boy if he hadn't been Hindley's son!" He turned to Linton.

"Linton, have you nothing to show your cousin on the farm? Take her to see your horse."

"Wouldn't you rather sit here?" said Linton to Cathy.

"I don't know," she replied, looking at the door. She was clearly eager to be active. But he kept his seat, and moved closer to the fire.

At this moment Hareton came in. He had been washing himself, and his hair was wet.

"Oh, I'll ask *you*, Uncle," cried Cathy, remembering the housekeeper's words. "He's not my cousin, is he?"

"Yes," he said, "Your mother's nephew." He laughed at her expression of angry surprise. "Hareton! Take your cousin round the farm. And remember, behave like a gentleman! Don't use any bad words, and don't stare at the young lady. Speak clearly, and keep your hands out of your pockets. Off you go! Amuse her as nicely as you can."

He watched them walking past the window. Hareton had his face turned away from Cathy.

"I've tied his tongue; he won't dare to say a word to her!" said Heathcliff. "Ellen, you remember me at his age – no, some years younger. Did I ever look so stupid?"

"Worse!" I replied, "because you were bad-tempered too."

"Hareton has satisfied my hopes," he went on. "I've brought him to the same low state that his father brought me. If he were a fool I should not enjoy it half as much. But he's no fool. I understand all his feelings; I have felt them myself. I know what he suffers now, exactly. It's only the beginning of what he will suffer, though. He'll never be able to rise from his roughness, because I've taught him to scorn books and learning. And the best of it is, he's really fond of me! He considers me the only friend he has!"

Linton could not hear his father's words. He seemed restless, and I guessed he was sorry now to have missed the chance of Cathy's company. His father saw this too.

"Get up, you lazy boy!" he cried with false cheerfulness. "Go after them! They're just outside."

Linton got up and went out. Cathy was looking up at the words cut in stone over the door. I heard her ask her companion what they were. Hareton stared up, and scratched his head.

"It's some cursed writing. I can't read it."

"Can't read it?" cried Cathy. "I can read it: it's English. But why is it there?"

Linton laughed. For the first time he looked cheerful. "Hareton doesn't know how to read," he said.

"He seems very stupid," said Cathy. "Is there

something wrong with his mind? He doesn't seem to understand what I say."

Linton laughed again. "Hareton, she thinks you're a fool! That's the result of scorning 'book-learning'!"

Hareton's face reddened with shame and anger. "If you weren't more like a girl than a boy, Linton, I'd knock you down!" he cried, and left them. They were quite happy together, now.

We stayed at Wuthering Heights till the afternoon: I could not get Cathy to leave before. When we got home, she told her father about our visit. "I know you have quarrelled with Mr Heathcliff, Papa," she finished, "but Linton and I have nothing to do with your quarrel! Let us be friends, at least! Mr Heathcliff has no objection."

"Mr Heathcliff is a most devilish man," answered her father, "who delights to ruin those he hates. He hates me, Cathy, and he will hate you, too, for my sake. That is why I forbid you ever to go to his house." Then he gave her an account of Heathcliff's treatment of Isabella, and of how and why he had gained possession of Wuthering Heights.

The thought of such wickedness struck Cathy with great force. But she was not ready to give up her friendship with Linton altogether. She sent him a letter in secret; he answered; and for six weeks letters passed between them almost daily. In the end I discovered Cathy's secret pile of letters from Linton: love letters, one could call them. They seemed to me very foolish and worthless things. I burnt them all in the fire, and warned Cathy that I would tell her father if she continued writing to Linton. Cathy wept, and begged, and shouted at me, but she sent no more letters to Wuthering Heights.

# *Chapter 18*

Summer drew to an end, and autumn came. Cathy was unhappy at this time; she had been sadder and duller ever since I stopped the letters between her and Linton. She was anxious too about her father, who had caught a bad cold. He could no longer take a daily walk with her; he was kept indoors through the whole of the winter. I walked out with Cathy instead.

One afternoon in October we were walking in the park. Edgar was worse than usual that day, and Cathy seemed specially sad. She walked slowly beside me, under the trees; there was no running or jumping now. I saw her put up a hand to brush a tear from her eye.

"Cathy, love, why are you crying?" I asked. "You mustn't cry because Papa has a cold. Be thankful it is nothing worse."

"Oh, it *will* be something worse!" she said. "And what shall I do when Papa and you leave me, and I am by myself? How miserable the world will be, when Papa and you are dead!"

"Your father is still a young man," I told her, "and I am strong, and only forty-five. I hope there are years and years to come before we die!"

As we talked, we came to the bottom of the park. Cathy climbed up on to the wall and sat there, looking down at the road below. Suddenly I heard the sound of a horse's feet, and then a man's voice.

"Ho, Miss Linton! Don't go away!"

"Mr Heathcliff! I shan't speak to you!"

"Well, I have something important to tell you. It's about Linton. You grew tired of writing pretty letters to him, didn't you? But he was really in love. As true

as I live, he's dying for love of you! He'll be in the earth before summer, unless you save him!"

"Don't listen to his lies, Miss Cathy!" I cried.

"Oh, you're there, are you, Ellen?" said Heathcliff. "Well, I swear that Linton is dying. Come and see for yourselves; I shall be away from home for a week."

He rode off, and we returned to the house. Cathy was very serious. "Remember, now," I said. "Linton has only seen you twice! It is impossible that a person should die for love of a stranger."

"You may be right, Ellen," she answered. "But I shan't feel comfortable till I see for myself."

And so the next day I agreed to go with her to Wuthering Heights. When we arrived we found Linton alone in the living room, sitting in a large chair beside the dying fire. Cathy flew to him.

"Is that you, Miss Linton?" he said, raising his head. "No, don't kiss me; it takes my breath. Papa said you would come. Will you shut the door, please? You left it open. And those *hateful* creatures won't bring coal for the fire. It's so cold!"

I fetched some coal myself, and made the fire burn brightly. I thought that Linton looked feverish and ill.

"Well, Linton," said Cathy, "are you glad to see me?"

"Why didn't you come before?" he said. "You should have come, instead of writing. It tired me terribly, writing those long letters."

"But are you glad to see me now?"

He smiled faintly. "Yes, I am. It's something new to hear a voice like yours. But I was so unhappy, because you wouldn't come. And Papa said it was my own fault: he called me a pitiful, worthless thing, and said you scorned me. But you don't scorn me, do you, Miss—"

"Please call me 'Cathy'," said my young lady. "Scorn you? No! Next to Papa and Ellen, I love you better than anybody."

"Papa says you would love me better than him and all the world, if you were my wife."

"No, I should never love anybody better than Papa," she said seriously. "And people hate their wives sometimes. Your father hated your mother!"

"That's not true!"

"Yes, it is: Papa told me! He never tells lies!"

"Well, I'll tell *you* something!" said Linton. "Your mother hated your father!"

"Oh!" cried Cathy, too angry to continue.

"And she loved mine!" he added.

Cathy was so angry that she gave the chair a sharp push. Linton fell against one arm, and broke into violent coughing. It lasted so long that it frightened even me. Cathy was filled with terror at the harm she had done, and wept miserably.

I held Linton until he had stopped coughing.

"How do you feel now, Master Heathcliff?"

"I wish *she* felt as I do," he replied. "Cruel thing!" He went on making sounds of pain.

"I'm sorry I hurt you, Linton," said Cathy at last. "But you're not *much* hurt, are you?"

"Be quiet," he said. "I can't bear your talking." He did not look up or speak again.

At last Cathy rose to go, and I followed her. But as we reached the door we heard a loud cry: Linton had slipped from his seat onto the floor. He lay there twisting and rolling about, just like a spoilt child.

I lifted him onto the sofa. "Come away, Miss Cathy! You can see that his bad health is not caused by love of you!"

She placed a cushion under his head, but he moved

about uncomfortably. "That's not high enough," he said. Cathy brought another to lay above it.

"That's *too* high," said Linton. "Sit on the sofa, and let me put my head on your knee." She sat down, and he made himself comfortable. "That's how my mother used to sit with me. Now, you may sing a song, or say a nice long interesting poem."

Cathy repeated the longest poem she could remember, and then another, and another. They were both enjoying themselves a great deal, and went on until Hareton returned for dinner.

"And tomorrow, Cathy, will you be here tomorrow?" asked Linton, holding her dress as she rose.

"No," I answered, "and not the next day, either."

But Cathy bent down and whispered something in his ear, and he smiled.

## *Chapter 19*

I guessed that Cathy planned to visit Linton again, and I intended to stop her. But the next day I fell ill. It was the worst illness of my life: for three weeks I did not leave my room.

Cathy was a great comfort to me. The moment she left Mr Linton's room, she appeared at my bedside. Her day was divided between us; but the evening was her own. I never considered what she did with herself after six o'clock. When I got better I discovered her secret: almost every evening she had ridden over to Wuthering Heights to see Linton.

On two or three occasions she had found Linton cheerful, and then she had enjoyed talking to him. All the other visits were spoilt either by his sufferings or by his selfishness.

One evening, as she was going into the house, she met Hareton in the garden. He pointed in the bright moonlight to the writing above the front door.

"Miss Catherine! I can read that now!" he said eagerly. He read out, slowly and carefully, the name "Hareton Earnshaw". But when she asked him to read the date which followed, he could not: he had not learnt to read numbers yet, he told her. This made Cathy laugh loudly.

"What a fool he is, Ellen!" she said to me.

"No, Miss Cathy, dear! You should not call him that!" I said. "Hareton was as quick and clever a child as you were yourself, but he hasn't had lessons as you have. It is only that which has made him so rough."

There had been many quarrels between Cathy and Linton, all the result of his twisted nature. Every time she forgave him. She had learnt now to bear his bad temper as well as his bad health.

"As for Mr Heathcliff," Cathy went on, "I have hardly seen him at all. He purposely avoids me, and I visit Linton in his own little sitting room. Now Ellen, you have heard all. And if you stop me from going to Wuthering Heights you will make two people miserable! You won't tell Papa, will you?"

"I'll make up my mind on that point tomorrow, Miss Cathy," I replied. I went straight from her room to my master's, and told him the whole story.

Mr Linton, of course, refused to allow Cathy to visit Wuthering Heights again.

Spring advanced, and Mr Linton was well enough to go out: he began to take daily walks in the grounds with Cathy again. And yet he gained no real strength. He realized that he had not long to live.

One thought troubled him above all: that Cathy would be alone in the world. His mind kept returning

to his nephew Linton. Would he make a good husband for Cathy? He feared that Linton might be only a weak tool in the hands of his father; and yet he hoped that he might comfort Cathy for his loss. He wrote to Linton, and Linton wrote back, begging his uncle to allow him to meet Cathy.

As spring turned to summer, my master grew weaker. He said at last that Cathy could meet her cousin on the moors, in my company. He had decided that marriage with Linton would be the best answer for Cathy. By marrying her father's heir she would be able to remain in her family home.

He had no idea that Linton's strength was failing almost as fast as his own. No doctor visited the Heights, and no one reported Linton's condition. We did not imagine that even Heathcliff could treat a dying child so cruelly. But Heathcliff was afraid that his wicked plans would be spoilt by death; and so he forced poor Linton to seem an eager lover.

It was already August when the first meeting between Cathy and Linton was arranged. We were to ride to meet him on the moors, half way between the two houses.

We found him only a quarter of a mile away from his own house. He was lying on a bank, waiting for us. He got up, and I saw that he was almost too weak to stand. He looked terribly pale and thin.

Cathy gave a cry of alarm at his appearance.

"Linton! Are you worse than usual?" she asked.

"No – better – better!" he said breathlessly. "I'm tired, that's all! It's too hot for walking, let's rest."

Cathy sat down, and he leant against her. She began talking to him, but he did not answer. Nothing she said seemed to interest him at all.

Cathy soon realized that our company was a

punishment for him rather than a pleasure. She suggested that we should go home. But at this Linton became strangely frightened. He glanced fearfully towards the Heights, and begged that she would remain for another half hour, at least.

Cathy looked at him in surprise.

"And be here again next Thursday," he went on. "And, if you *did* meet my father, don't let him think I've been silent and stupid – he'll be angry."

"I care nothing for his anger!" said Cathy.

"But I do," said Linton.

We sat in silence for some minutes, and Linton's head fell forward onto his chest. He was asleep.

"Is it half an hour now, Ellen?" Cathy whispered to me. "Oh, why did he wish to see me? Do you think his father forced him into this meeting?"

Linton suddenly woke up. "I thought I heard my father!" he cried in fright. "He's coming!"

At this news, Cathy pulled herself away quickly. "I'll be here next Thursday!" she cried, jumping onto her horse. "Goodbye! Quick, Ellen!"

As we rode away he did not notice us; he was thinking only of his father.

## *Chapter 20*

Seven days passed, and each day Edgar Linton became weaker. We were no longer able to deceive Cathy: she could see that her father was dying.

She spent every moment of the day at his side, and her face grew pale with watching and sorrow. When Thursday came, she did not want to go out to meet Linton. But her father wished her to go. He was

comforted now by the thought that Cathy would not be left alone after his death.

It was afternoon when we set out. We found Linton in the same place that he had chosen before.

"It's late!" he said, speaking with difficulty. "Isn't your father very ill? I thought you wouldn't come!"

"My father *is* very ill," cried Cathy. "So why have you called me away from his bedside? I can see that you don't want to meet me! For the second time you have brought me here for no reason at all!"

"For heaven's sake, Cathy, don't be angry!" Linton begged. "Scorn me, if you like, but don't hate me – I'm not worth your anger!" He threw himself onto the ground at her feet, and caught hold of her dress.

"Foolish, silly boy!" cried Cathy. "Yes, I do scorn you! Let go of my dress! I shall go home now. Get up: don't behave so shamefully – don't!"

"Oh!" wept Linton, "I can't bear it! Cathy, Cathy, if you leave me, I shall be killed! I daren't tell you why. *Dear* Cathy, my life is in your hands. You have said you love me – you won't go, then? Kind, sweet, good Cathy! And perhaps you will agree – and he'll let me die with you!"

My young lady bent over him, with her old feeling of tenderness. "Agree to what?" she asked. "To stay? Tell me the meaning of this strange talk, and I will."

"But my father will hurt me, and I fear him – I fear him! I *dare* not tell!"

I was wondering what the mystery was, when I looked up and saw Mr Heathcliff near us.

"Well, Ellen," he said cheerfully, "how are you at the Grange? People say that Edgar Linton is on his deathbed: is it true?"

"Yes, my master is dying," I replied.

"How long will he last, do you think?" he asked.

"He'd better be quick, or that boy there will die before him! I hope his uncle will go first." He glanced at Linton, who was still stretched out on the ground. "Get up, Linton! Up, this moment!"

Linton made several attempts to obey, but his father's glance had brought him to a state of helpless fear. His little strength had gone, and he fell back.

"Damn you! Get up at once!"

"I will, father," he breathed. "Only, let me alone for a moment. Ah! Cathy: give me your hand."

"There now!" said his father, "stand on your feet: she'll give you her arm. Will you be so kind as to walk home with him, Miss Cathy? He shakes if I touch him: he fears me as if I were the devil himself."

"Linton, dear!" said Cathy. "I can't go to Wuthering Heights: Papa has forbidden me. Your father won't hurt you: why are you so afraid?"

"I can never re-enter that house!" he answered. "I *must not* re-enter it without you."

"Stop!" said his father. "We won't press Cathy. Linton, you must return with me!"

Linton hung tightly to his cousin, and begged her wildly to go with him. He seemed nearly mad with fright. How could she refuse?

We reached the doorway of Wuthering Heights. I waited there while Cathy led Linton to a chair.

"Come inside, Ellen!" said Mr Heathcliff, pushing me forward. "Sit down, and let me shut the door." He shut it, and locked it also. I jump round in alarm.

"You shall have tea before you go home," he added. "I am alone in the house today, so I'd like some interesting company. Miss Cathy, take your seat by *him*. I give you what I have. The present is hardly worth receiving, but I have nothing else to offer. It is Linton, I mean. Don't stare at me like that!

It's strange, how I wish to hurt anything that seems afraid of me!"

"I'm not afraid of you!" cried Cathy. Her black eyes were shining with anger. "Give me that key! I will have it!" She tried to seize the key from his hand, but he closed his fingers tightly round it.

"Stand off, Catherine Linton!" he said.

Cathy took no notice of this warning. She attacked his hand first with her fingernails, and then with her teeth. Now Heathcliff dropped the key. He seized her with one hand and pulled her onto his knees. Then he struck her again and again on the side of the head.

"You devil!" I cried, and rushed at him. But a touch on the chest silenced me: I am fat, and soon put out of breath.

He let her go, and she leant against the table with her hands to her head. She was shaking like a leaf.

"I know how to punish children, you see," said Heathcliff, picking up the key again. "Go to Linton now, and cry as much as you like! I shall be your father tomorrow – the only father you'll have in a few days. I'll give you plenty of punishment. You can bear plenty, I see."

Cathy ran to me instead of Linton. He was sitting in a corner of the sofa, as quiet as a mouse. He was glad, I think, to see the punishment fall on someone else.

Mr Heathcliff made tea and poured it out.

"Drink it," he said. "It's not poisoned, though I made it myself. I'm going out to find your horses." He left us, locking the door after him.

Our first thought was to find a way out. But all the doors were locked, and the windows were too narrow to climb through. We were prisoners at Wuthering Heights.

## *Chapter 21*

"Linton!" I cried. "You know what your devilish father means to do. You must tell us!"

"Give me some tea, and then I'll tell you," he said. Cathy took him a cup. "Now, Cathy, you are letting your tears fall into my cup. I won't drink that. Give me another." She pushed another to him.

I felt angry to see him so calm, since he was no longer afraid for himself. His terrible fear had disappeared as soon as we entered the house. I guessed that he had been ordered to trick us into coming inside. Having succeeded, he was safe from his father's anger.

"Papa wants us to be married," he said, drinking his tea. "He knows your Papa wouldn't let us marry now; and he's afraid of my dying, if we wait. So we are going to be married in the morning, and you have to stay here all night."

"Stay all night? No!" cried Cathy. "I'll burn that door down, but I'll get out." She moved towards the fire. Now Linton was afraid for himself again. He began to weep. "Won't you have me, and save me? Oh, dearest Cathy! You mustn't go and leave me. You *must* obey my father!"

At this moment Mr Heathcliff returned. "Your horses have gone off home," he said.

"Mr Heathcliff, *let* me go back!" cried Cathy. "I promise to marry Linton. Papa would like me to, and I love him. Why should you force me to do what I'm ready to do myself? But if I stay the night here, Papa will be miserable. How can I bear to make him miserable when he —"

"The thought that your Papa will be miserable gives me the greatest satisfaction," answered

Heathcliff. "And I'll take care that you keep your promise to marry Linton; for you shall not leave this house until you have done so."

"Send Ellen, then, to let him know I'm safe! Ellen, he'll think we're lost! What shall we do?"

Heathcliff was without pity. For four days he kept us prisoner at Wuthering Heights. Cathy was married to Linton, and still we were not set free. I did not see the marriage: I was locked all this time in Zillah's room. Once a day, Hareton brought me some food, but I saw no one else. Zillah and Joseph had clearly been sent away on purpose.

It was not until the evening of the fifth day that we were set free. We hurried back to the Grange, fearful that we would find Edgar already dead.

We arrived, breathless and pale. The servants greeted us with the greatest surprise and joy. The master was not dead yet, they told us.

I went into his room first, to prepare him for Cathy's return. How changed I found him, even in those few days! He looked very young, as he lay waiting for death; much younger than thirty-nine.

"Cathy is coming, dear master!" I whispered.

I couldn't bear to be present at their meeting. I stood outside the bedroom door a quarter of an hour, before going in. All was calm: Cathy's sorrow was as silent as her father's joy.

He kissed her face, and whispered: "I am going to her, to my Catherine – and one day you, dearest child, will come to us!"

He never moved or spoke again. He kept his eyes fixed joyfully on her face, until his breathing stopped, and his soul departed. We could not tell the exact minute of his death: it was so entirely without a struggle.

# *Chapter 22*

The Lintons of Thrushcross Grange had always been buried inside Gimmerton church; but we buried Edgar Linton outside, as he had wished, beside his wife Catherine.

Thrushcross Grange belonged to Linton Heathcliff now. But his father was the real master. He had already given orders that all the servants were to be sent away, except me.

He came to the Grange on the evening after Edgar's burial. He walked straight in, without knocking: he was the master now. Cathy got up quickly, hoping to run from the room.

He caught her by the arm. "Stop!" he said. "No more running away! I've come to fetch you home."

"Why not let Cathy stay here?" I begged, "and send Linton to her? As you hate them both, you wouldn't miss them."

"I wish to let the Grange to someone who will pay me rent for it," he answered. "And I want my children around me, of course! Be quick, Cathy, and get your things."

While Cathy was getting ready, he looked round the room. It was the same room he had entered as a visitor, eighteen years before. A splendid picture of Catherine Linton hung on the wall. He studied it.

"I shall have that at home," he said, "not because I need it, but. . ." He gave a strange smile. "I'll tell you what I did yesterday! I went to the churchyard, and saw the gravedigger digging a grave for Edgar, beside Catherine's. (There is room for me on her other side!) I told him to remove the earth from off the coffin that contains her body. I opened it, and saw her face again – it is hers still! And then I unfixed one side of

the coffin; not Linton's side, curse him! And I gave the man some money, and told him to pull that side away, when I'm buried there, and pull the side of my coffin out, too. So we shall lie together in the earth."

"You were very wicked, Mr Heathcliff!" I cried. "Weren't you ashamed to disturb the dead?"

"Disturb her? No! She has disturbed me, night and day, through eighteen years, till last night. And last night, I was at peace.

"You know, Ellen," he went on, "I was wild after she died, and begged her to return to me: I have a strong belief in ghosts. The evening of the day she was buried, I went to the churchyard. I said to myself – 'I'll have her in my arms again!' I got a spade and began to dig with all my strength. The spade struck her coffin; I began to use my hands. I had nearly got the top off when I heard a low cry from above me, at the edge of the grave.

"I knew no living thing was near me. But I heard it again, close to my ear, and seemed to feel a warm breath on my face. I felt certain that Catherine was there: not in the earth, but beside me. I stopped my frightful labour and looked up, comforted: deeply comforted. She remained with me while I refilled the grave, and led me home. I was sure I should see her there." He paused.

"I hurried up to her room. I felt her by me – I could *almost* see her, and yet I *could not*! She was a devil to me, as she often was in life! And ever since then, she's made me suffer unbearably! When I sat in the house with Hareton, it seemed that on going out, I should met her; when I walked on the moors, I thought I should meet her coming in. And when I slept in her room – I couldn't bear that. The moment I closed my eyes, she was either outside the window,

or entering the room, or even resting her dear head on the pillow beside me. And I had to open my eyes to see. And so I opened and closed them a hundred times a night – and saw nothing! Now, since I've seen her face again, I'm more peaceful."

He was studying the picture of Catherine again when Cathy came in. She told him that her horse would be ready in a moment.

"Send the picture over tomorrow," he said to me. "Cathy, you can do without your horse: you'll need no horses at Wuthering Heights. Your own feet will be enough. Come along."

"Goodbye, Ellen!" whispered my dear little mistress. As she kissed me, her lips felt like ice. "Come and see me, Ellen, please."

"No, don't come, Ellen!" said Heathcliff. "I want no curious people looking into my house!"

Cathy went out with her new father.

## *Chapter 23*

Edgar Linton died in August: that is, five months ago – it is January now. I have not seen Cathy since she left. I paid a visit to the Heights, but Joseph stood in front of the door, and would not let me pass.

One day I met Zillah in the village, and got her to talk about Cathy. She considers her proud, and does not like her. But Zillah is a stupid and selfish woman. She took a dislike to my young lady on the evening that she arrived at the Heights. She told me that Cathy ran straight upstairs, without greeting Zillah and Joseph, and shut herself in Linton's room. She remained there till morning, and then, when Mr Heathcliff and Hareton were at breakfast, she came down in a state of alarm. She asked if Heathcliff could

send for the doctor, as Linton was very ill.

"We know that!" answered Heathcliff. "But his life isn't worth a penny, and I won't spend a penny on him."

Cathy had to care for Linton entirely by herself. She had very little rest, as Zillah could guess from her white face and heavy eyes.

One night she came to Zillah's bedroom and said: "Tell Mr Heathcliff that his son is dying. I'm sure he is, this time. Get up immediately, and tell him."

Zillah did not get up: she fell asleep again. But half an hour later, the bell rang sharply. It woke Heathcliff, who called Zillah to see what was the matter. She delivered Cathy's message. He cursed, and took a lighted candle to their room.

Cathy was sitting by the bedside, with her hands folded on her knees. Heathcliff held the light to Linton's face, looked at him, and touched him.

"Now, Cathy," he said, "how do you feel?"

She said nothing.

"How do you feel, Cathy?" he repeated.

"He's safe, and I'm free," she answered. "I ought to feel well – but you have left me so long to struggle against death alone, that I feel and see only death!"

She was ill, she said, next day, and stayed in her bedroom for two weeks. Zillah visited her twice daily, to take her what she needed, but nobody else went near her. In the end she was driven downstairs by the cold. It was a Sunday afternoon, and Hareton and Zillah were in the living room; Healthcliff was out. She walked in, as proud as a princess. Hareton and Zillah both offered her a seat, but she coldly refused, and got a chair for herself. She discovered some books on a shelf, and started turning over the pages of one.

Hareton stood behind her, looking at the pictures in the book. Then he began staring at her, instead of the book. His eyes became fixed on her thick, silky, golden hair, and at last he put out a hand: he touched her hair, as gently as if it were a bird.

She jumped round at once. "Get away, this moment! How dare you touch me?" she cried.

Hareton looked very foolish. He was silent for half an hour, and then he whispered to Zillah, "Will you ask her to read to us, Zillah? I would like to hear her! But don't say I wanted it."

"Mr Hareton wishes you to read to us, madam," Zillah said immediately.

Cathy looked angry. "I have nothing to say to any of you! When I was alone, and needed help, you never came near me. So I don't want your kindness now!"

"But I asked Mr Heathcliff to let me . . ." began Hareton.

"Be quiet! I'll go outside, or anywhere, rather than hear your stupid voice in my ear!" said Cathy.

"You may go to hell, then!" said Hareton, under his breath. He was quite as proud as Cathy, and in the months that followed, the two of them remained enemies. Cathy had not one friend in the house.

## *Chapter 24*

In November Mr Heathcliff found someone to rent Thrushcross Grange: a young gentleman named Lockwood. He has taken the house for a year, I believe. I remain here as housekeeper, and some other servants have been employed as well.

Mr Lockwood is a very pleasant young man from the south of England. He told me that he came to this

wild place because he wished to be quiet, and alone. But I think he finds a life without company less enjoyable than he expected.

At first Mr Lockwood was delighted with the beauty of the countryside. But soon after his arrival we had an early fall of snow. On that afternoon he had set out for a walk. He did not return that night, and we were all very anxious, thinking he was lost on the moors. He came back at noon the next day, with his clothes wet through. He had gone to visit Mr Heathcliff at Wuthering Heights, he said, and the snowfall had forced him to spend the night there. Mr Heathcliff had guided him back to the gates of Thrushcross Park, but in the park he had lost himself in the snow. He seemed strangely excited, and I guessed that this was a result of his visit to Wuthering Heights.

I asked him how Cathy was. She looked well, he said, and very beautiful, but she did not seem happy.

The next day, Mr Lockwood was ill, and I had to send for the doctor. He had a bad cold and a fever, which kept him in his bedroom for more than four weeks. As the poor man had no other company, he asked me to sit and talk to him sometimes. He seemed very interested in Mr Heathcliff and his family, and he got me to tell him their entire story. I have written it down now, just as I told it to him.

I wonder if Mr Lockwood will play a part in the story himself? He seems specially interested whenever I speak of Cathy. And he has asked me to bring the picture of her from the library, and to hang it in his bedroom. She is such a beautiful creature: surely no one could see her, and not love her!

But Cathy had not shown any friendliness to Mr Lockwood. He told me that she seemed proud

and scornful: she had a cold eye and a sharp tongue.

At last Mr Lockwood was better. He said that he was going to ride over to the Heights again; I begged him to take a note from me to Cathy. When he returned, he gave me an account of his visit: Cathy and Hareton had quarrelled while he was there.

Cathy read my note eagerly, but said that she could not write a reply: she had no writing materials, not even a book from which she could tear a page.

"No books!" cried Mr Lockwood. "How can you live here without them?"

"I was always reading, when I had them," said Cathy. "Mr Heathcliff never reads, and he decided to destroy my books. I have not seen one for weeks – except when I came upon a secret store in your room, Hareton! All the books were old friends, which I brought here from Thrushcross Grange. Why did you steal them from me? They are of no use to you!"

Hareton's face grew bright red.

"Mr Hareton wishes to increase his amount of knowledge, perhaps," said Mr Lockwood.

"Yes, and I hear him trying to read to himself, and fine mistakes he makes! I heard you yesterday, Hareton: it was very funny! And I heard you turning over the dictionary to find the hard words, and then cursing because you couldn't read the explanations!"

Hareton stared at Cathy for a moment in silence. Then he left the room. He returned carrying six or seven books, which he threw down in front of Cathy.

"Take them!" he cried. "I never want to read, or hear, or think of them again!"

"I don't want them now," she answered. "They will remind me of you, and I shall hate them."

Hareton could bear no more: he struck her sharply across the face. She had done as much as possible to

hurt his feelings, and this was the only way he could answer her. Then he picked up the books, and threw them onto the fire. He watched them burn with an expression of deep pain. He had hoped to please his beautiful cousin by studying her favourite books: not only the books were destroyed in the fire, but his hopes too.

## *Chapter 25*

Eight more months have passed, and now I can write the end of my story. It is not the end that I once hoped for; but perhaps a better one.

Mr Lockwood did not attempt to win Cathy. He did not even see her again: as soon as he was well enough, he left Thrushcross Grange, and went back to London.

Soon after this, Mr Heathcliff came to see me. There was a restless, anxious expression on his face which I had never seen before. He was thinner, too.

"Ellen," he said, "I want you to take Zillah's place at Wuthering Heights. I am tired of seeing Cathy about the house all day: you must make the little back room into your sitting room, and keep her there with you."

I obeyed joyfully. But my first meeting with Cathy grieved me: she had changed so much in the six months since her father died. During all this time she had lived as a prisoner at Wuthering Heights, alone and friendless: how could she be cheerful?

Cathy was very pleased to have me at Wuthering Heights. I secretly brought over some of her books from the Grange, too, so that now she had something to do. For a short time, she was satisfied with her

books, and my company; but then she grew restless.

She did not like to stay alone in our sitting room, and when I had work in the kitchen she often followed me. Mr Heathcliff never came into the kitchen, but Joseph and Hareton often sat there.

At first Cathy took no notice of Hareton, but after a while, she changed her behaviour. She began looking at him, and talking about him to me.

"How can he sit for a whole evening, staring into the fire?" she said once. "He's just like a dog, isn't he, Ellen? Or a cart-horse. He does his work, eats his food, and sleeps! What a dull, empty mind he must have! Do you ever dream, Hareton?"

He would not open his mouth, or look back at her.

"I know why Hareton never speaks, when I am in the kitchen," she said on another occasion. "He is afraid I shall laugh at him. Do you know, Ellen, he began to teach himself to read once? And because I laughed, he burnt his books, and gave it up. Wasn't he a fool?"

"And weren't you unkind?" I said.

"Perhaps I was," she went on, "but I didn't expect him to be so silly. Hareton, if I gave you a book, would you take it now? I'll try!"

She placed one which she had been reading on his hand. He threw it off, and said that if she didn't leave him alone, he would break her neck.

"Well, I shall put it here," she said, "on the table. And now I'm going to bed."

Then she whispered to me to watch whether he touched it, and departed. But he would not go near it. I saw she was sorry now that she had frightened him off his studies. She tried very hard to interest him in her books again. She often read aloud to me while I was working, and Hareton was in the room; then she

stopped at an interesting part, and left the book lying about. But Hareton never touched it.

As spring came near, Cathy became even more restless. She was forbidden to go outside the garden; but Hareton went out shooting on the moors, which made her very bad-tempered.

In March, Hareton had an accident with his gun, and had to stay in the house. He spent all his time sitting in the kitchen, which pleased Cathy.

One afternoon I was busy in the kitchen. Cathy was drawing pictures on the window with her finger. From time to time she looked at her cousin, who sat beside the fire, silent as usual. Soon I heard her begin:

"I've found out, Hareton, that I want – that I'm glad – that I should like you to be my cousin now."

Hareton gave no answer.

"Hareton, Hareton, Hareton! Do you hear?"

"Will you go to the devil!" he cried fiercely, "and leave me alone!"

"No," she said, "I won't. I don't know how to make you talk to me! You are my cousin, and you must be my friend!"

"I shall have nothing to do with you and your miserable pride, and your cursed tricks!" he cried. "I'll go to hell before I look at you again."

"You should be friends with your cousin, Mr Hareton, since she's sorry for her unkindness," I said. "It would be very good for you to have her for a companion."

"A companion?" he cried. "When she hates me, and does not think me fit to clean her shoes?"

"It's not I who hate you, it's you who hate me!" wept Cathy. "You hate me as much as Mr Heathcliff does."

"That's a lie!" said Hareton. "I have supported you a hundred times, and made him angry: why would I do that if I hated you?"

"I didn't know you supported me," she answered. "And I was miserable, and angry with everybody. But now I thank you, and beg you to forgive me!"

She held out her hand to Hareton, but he would not take it. He sat there with his eyes on the ground and his face as dark as a storm cloud. Cathy looked at him uncertainly; I think she guessed that he did not really dislike her. After a moment she bent down and gave him a gentle kiss.

I don't know what Hareton thought about the kiss: for some minutes he kept his face hidden.

Cathy got a fine book and some white paper; she put the paper round the book, and tied it up with string. Then she addressed the parcel to "Mr Hareton Earnshaw", and asked me to give it to him.

"And tell him, if he'll take it, I'll come and teach him to read it right," she said. "And if he refuses it, I'll go upstairs, and never trouble him again."

I carried it, and repeated the message, while Cathy watched anxiously. Hareton would not take the book, so I laid it on his knee. He did not throw it off, either. I returned to my work. Cathy leaned her head and arms on the table, till she heard the sound of the paper being removed. Then she quietly sat down beside her cousin. He was shaking, and his face was hot; all his angry roughness had left him.

"Say you forgive me, Hareton, do. You can make me so happy by speaking that little word."

He said something that I could not hear.

"And you'll be my friend," added Cathy.

"No, you'll be ashamed of me every day of your life," he answered. "And I cannot bear it."

"So you won't be my friend!" she said, smiling sweetly, and moving close to him.

I did not hear any further words; but when I looked round again, I saw two joyful faces bent over the page of the book. And I knew they had become friends.

## *Chapter 26*

The next day Cathy got up early. I found her in the garden with Hareton. She had asked him to dig up some fruit bushes to clear a space to plant flowers.

"Oh!" I cried, "what ever will the master say? And Joseph! He loves those fruit bushes!"

We went in to breakfast. Cathy usually sat by me, but today she moved nearer to Hareton.

"Now, be careful not to talk to your cousin too much," I warned her in a whisper. "It will certainly make Mr Heathcliff angry."

"I'm not going to," she answered.

The minute after, she was sitting close to him, and sticking flowers into his plate of food. He could not help laughing.

Mr Heathcliff looked up in surprise; his eyes moved over our faces. Cathy looked back at him bravely.

"It's lucky you are out of my reach," he said. "What devil has got into you to stare at me with those terrible eyes? Down with them! And don't remind me of your presence again. I thought I had stopped you from laughing."

"It was me," said Hareton, but Mr Heathcliff did not hear him. Just then Joseph came in, shaking with anger, and talking about his fruit bushes.

"What is he complaining about, Hareton?" asked Mr Heathcliff.

"I've pulled up two or three fruit bushes," replied the young man, "but I'm going to plant them again."

"And why have you pulled them up?"

Cathy answered. "We wanted to plant some flowers there. I'm the only person to blame, for I wished him to do it."

"And who the devil allowed *you* to touch anything here?" demanded Mr Heathcliff, much surprised.

"You shouldn't refuse me a few yards of earth, when you have taken all my land!" she replied.

"Your land! You never had any," said Heathcliff.

"And my money," she continued.

"Silence!" he cried. "Finish your meal, and go!"

"And Hareton's land, and his money," she went on. "Hareton and I are friends now, and I shall tell him all about you!"

The master could not speak for a moment: he grew pale, and rose up looking at her with an expression of deadly hatred.

"If you strike me, Hareton will strike you," she said.

"You devil!" cried Heathcliff. "Do you dare to ask Hareton to support you? Are you trying to turn him against me? Take her away! I'll kill her, Ellen, if you let her come into my sight again!"

Hareton whispered to her to go.

"Take her away!" cried Heathcliff fiercely.

"He won't obey you, you wicked man, any more," said Cathy. "And he'll soon hate you as much as I do."

"Be quiet!" said Hareton to Cathy. "I won't let you speak like that to him!"

"But you won't let him strike me?" she cried.

"Come away, then!" he whispered.

It was too late: Heathcliff had caught hold of her.

"Leave her to me now!" he said to Hareton. "This time she has driven me too far, and I can't bear it. I'll make her sorry for ever!"

He had his hand in her hair and his eyes shone fiercely. He seemed ready to tear Cathy to pieces.

Then, suddenly, he let go of her hair, and stared closely into her face. For a moment he tried to calm himself. "You must learn to avoid making me so angry," he said softly, "or I shall really murder you some time!" He went out.

The two new friends settled themselves in the living room. Cathy began to talk about Mr Heathcliff's past bad behaviour, but Hareton stopped her firmly. Heathcliff was like a father to him, he said, and he would not hear a word against him. Cathy understood his feelings, and said no more. She fetched a book, and they began to read together.

They were still there when the master returned. He came in suddenly, and had a full view of all three of us. Cathy and Hareton lifted their eyes together. Their eyes are exactly the same; and they are the eyes of Catherine Earnshaw.

Heathcliff stared at them for a moment; he seemed disturbed. Then he signed to them to go out. I was about to go too, but he told me to remain.

"It's a poor end, isn't it, to all my work?" he said. "I give my life to the destruction of the two families; and when everything is ready and in my power, I find the desire for it has gone! Now is the time to revenge myself on my enemies' children. But where is the use? I can't take the trouble to raise my hand! I have lost the power to enjoy their destruction."

He walked up and down the room. "Let me tell you what I suffer, Ellen! The sight of those two young people causes me pain, frightful pain. I don't

wish to think about *her*: her presence drives me mad. When I look at *him*, I see myself, as I was once. And at the same time he reminds me of Catherine: he looks so terribly like her. But what does not remind me of her? In every cloud, in every tree – filling the air at night – I am surrounded by her face. The entire world reminds me that I have lost her!"

He paused. "Ellen, there is a strange change coming; I'm in its shadow at present. I take so little interest in my life that I hardly remember to eat."

"But what do you mean by a *change*, Mr Heathcliff?" I said, alarmed at his manner.

"I shall not know that till it comes," he said.

"You have no feelings of illness, have you?"

"No, Ellen, I have not."

"Then you are not afraid of death?" I went on.

"Afraid. No!" he replied. "I have neither fear nor hope of death. Why should I? With my good health, I shall probably live to an old age. And yet I cannot continue in this condition! I have to remind myself to breathe – almost to remind my heart to beat! I have a single wish, a single hope: to reach *her*. I feel sure I *shall* do it – and soon – because now this wish has swallowed up my whole life. O God! It is a long fight; I wish it were over!"

## *Chapter 27*

After that evening, Mr Heathcliff began to spend more time alone. He even avoided meeting us at meals; eating once in twenty-four hours seemed to be enough for him.

One night, very late, I heard him go out. He did

not return till morning, and when he came in, I stared at him in surprise. He looked excited – almost glad! Yet he was pale and shaking, and breathing fast.

He refused breakfast. But at noon he sat down to dinner with us. I piled the food on his plate, and he picked up his knife and fork to eat. Suddenly he laid them down again. He looked eagerly towards the window, then rose, and went out.

He came in an hour or two later, and went into the living room. At eight o'clock I decided to carry a candle and his supper to him. He was leaning against an open window, but not looking out: his face was turned towards the dark room.

"Shall I close the window?" I said. The candlelight fell on his face, and I jumped back in terror. Those deep black eyes! That smile, and frightful paleness! It appeared to me not Mr Heathcliff, but a devil.

"Yes, close it," he said, in his ordinary voice. "And Ellen, I beg you to warn Hareton and Cathy to keep away from me. I don't want to see anybody."

"Tell me why you are so strange, Mr Heathcliff," I said. "Where were you last night? I'm not asking out of curiosity, but —"

"You *are* asking out of curiosity," he said with a laugh. "But I'll tell you. Last night, I was on the edge of hell. Today, I am within sight of my heaven. I have my eyes on it: hardly two metres away from me! And now you'd better go."

Soon after, we heard him go upstairs, to Catherine's old room. "Is he a man, or an evil spirit?" I thought, remembering strange stories that I had read. And then I reminded myself how I had looked after him as a child, and watched him grow up, and followed him almost through his whole life. But where did he come from, the little dark thing?

Mr Heathcliff came down to breakfast late the next morning, after the others had gone out. He sat down in his usual place. He seemed to be looking at the opposite wall: his eyes moved up and down with eager, restless excitement.

"Ellen!" he said. "Turn round, and tell me, are we by ourselves?"

"Of course," was my answer; "of course we are." Now I realized that he was not looking at the wall. He appeared to be looking at something about two metres in front of him. Whatever it was, it seemed to give him both great pleasure and great pain. The imagined object was not fixed, and his eyes followed it eagerly. He pushed away the breakfast things, and leaned forward on the table. I could not get him to eat or drink, either then or at any time during the next three days. He spent the time out of the house, or alone in the sitting room, walking restlessly backwards and forwards. In the afternoon of the second day, he came into the kitchen, and asked me to sit with him. I refused: I was frightened by his wild look.

He turned to Cathy. "Will *you* come, my sweet?" he said, with a scornful laugh. "No, to you I've made myself worse than the devil. Well, there is *one* who won't refuse my company! By God, she's pitiless! It's too much for anyone to bear – even for me!"

He did not ask for our company again. During the night I heard terrible sounds coming from his bedroom, and went to listen outside the door. It was as if he was talking to someone in the room with him. The only word I could hear clearly was "Catherine!" followed by wild words of love and pain.

The next day, Heathcliff stayed in his room. He had locked the door, and would not open it all day.

That evening was very wet, and the rain poured down all night. When I took my morning walk round the house, I saw the master's window was hanging open, and the rain was driving straight in. He cannot be in bed, I thought: he would be wet through. I decided to go in and look, and found another key to open the door.

Mr Heathcliff was in bed, lying on his back. His eyes met mine, so bright and fierce that I jumped back in alarm. Then he seemed to smile. I could not believe that he was dead; but his face and neck were washed with rain, the bedclothes were wet through, and he was perfectly still. I touched his hand, and found it quite cold. I could doubt no more: he was dead!

I shut the window; I combed back his long black hair; I tried to close his eyes: to shut out that frightful, life-like stare of joy before anyone else saw it. They would not shut: they seemed to scorn my attempts. I was afraid, and called for Joseph.

"The devil has carried off his soul!" he cried, when he saw him. "Oh, how wicked he looks, smiling at death!"

We buried Heathcliff as he had wished, beside Catherine. Only one person really suffered much at his death, and that was poor Hareton. Tears poured down his face as he covered the grave with grass.

It is September now, and Heathcliff's grave is as flat and green as the two graves beside it. I hope he sleeps as peacefully! But the country people say that he walks: some say they have seen him, with a woman, near the church, and on the moor, and even in this house.

I haven't seen anything myself; yet I don't like being out in the dark now, and I don't like being left

by myself in this sad house. I shall be glad to leave it.

Hareton and Cathy are to be married on New Year's Day; and then they will move to Thrushcross Grange. I shall go with them, and Joseph will remain to look after Wuthering Heights. He will have to share it with any ghosts that may choose to live here.

Yesterday evening I walked up to Gimmerton churchyard. I went to look at the three gravestones on the slope next to the moor. Catherine's is half-covered by plants now; Edgar's has a little grass growing at its foot; and Heathcliff's is still bare. I stood there for some moments, under that gentle sky, and listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass. I could not imagine unquiet sleep for the sleepers in that quiet earth.

## *Note*

In order to make the story easier to understand, some small changes have been made. Emily Brontë's book begins with the arrival of Mr Lockwood at Thrushcross Grange. He visits Wuthering Heights and meets Heathcliff, Cathy and Hareton. He spends the night in Catherine's old room and sees her ghost. Then Ellen tells him the rest of the story, from the time that Heathcliff came to Wuthering Heights as a child.

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